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By MICHAELL DRAITON, Esquire.

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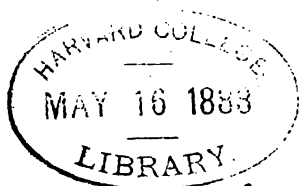
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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
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*Incamp'd at Melans in wars hote alarms,
First, &c.*

Neere vnto Melans, vpon the Riuer of Scyne, was the appointed place of parley, betweene the two Kings of England and France, to which place, *Isabell* the Queene of France, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the yong Princeesse *Katherine*, where King *Henry* first saw her.

And on my temples set a double Crowne.

Henry the fift and Queene *Katherine*, were taken as King and Queene of France, and during the life of *Charles* the French king, *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of France, and after the death of *Henry* the fift, *Henry* the sixt his sonne, then being very yong, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull King of England and France.

At Troy in Champaine he did first enioy.

Troy in Champaine, was the place where that victorious king *Henry* the fift married the Princeesse *Katherine*, in the presence of the chiefe nobilitie of the Realmes of England and France.

*Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.*

Few Queenes of England or France, were euer more princely allied then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Historiographers.

*Nor thinke so Tudor that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne, &c.*

Noting the discent of *Henry* her husband, from *Iohn* Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of *Edward* the third, which Duke *Iohn* was firnamed Gaunt, of the Cittie of Gaunt in Flanders, where he was borne.

*Nor stirre the English blood, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine, &c.*

Alluding the greatnes of the English line, to *Phabus* and *Pha-be*, fained to be the children of *Latona*, whose heauenly kind might scorne to be ioyned with any earthly progenie: yet withall, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the historie of the strife betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of *Niobe* slaine, for which the wofull mother,

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

ther became a rocke, gushing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

And Iohn and Longshanks issue, both affied,

Lhwellyn or *Leolin ap Iorweth*, married *Ioane*, daughter to king *Iohn*, a most beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme that she was base borne, *Lhwellyn ap Gryfith*, married *Ellenor*, daughter to *Simon Montfort*, Earle of Leiceſter, and Cofin to *Edward Longshanks*, both which *Lhwellyns* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot and all her Pentecoſts,

A Nephewes roome, &c.

Camilot, the antient Pallace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knightes of that famous order yeerely repaired at Penticoſt, according to the law of the Table, and moſt of the famous home-borne Knightes were of that Country, as to this day is perceived by their antient monuments.

When bloody Rufus fought your utter ſacke.

Noting the ill ſucceſſe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were ſlaine.

And oft returnde with glorious victorie.

Noting the diuers ſundry incurſions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henry* the ſecond, and *Longshanks*.

Owen Tudor to Queene Katherine.

(name,
When firſt mine eyes beheld your princely
And found from whence this friendly letter
As in exceſſe of ioy my ſelfe forgot, (came,
Whether *I* ſaw it, or *I* ſaw it not;
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceede,
My

My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reede ;
 Mine eye should guide my tongue, amazed mist it,
 My lips which now should speak, are dombe, & kist it,
 And leaues the paper in my trembling hand,
 When all my senses so amazed stand ;
 Euen as a mother comming to her childe,
 Which from her presence hath been long exilde,
 With tender armes his gentle necke doth straine,
 Now kissing him, now clipping him againe ;
 And yet excessiue ioy deludes her so,
 As still she doubts if this be hers or no :
 At length awak'ned from this pleasing dreame,
 When passion somewhat leaues to be extreame,
 My longing eyes, with their faire object meete,
 Where euery letter's pleasing, each word sweete.
 It was not *Henries* conquests nor his Court,
 That had the power to win me by report,
 Nor was his dreadfull terror-striking name,
 The cause that I from Wales to England came ;
 For Christian Rhodes, and our religious truth,
 To great atchieuements first had wonne my youth ;
 Before aduenture did my valour proue,
 Before I yet knew what it was to loue :
 Nor came I hether by some poore euent,
 But by th'eternall Destinies consent,
 Whose vncomprised wisedomes did fore-see,
 That you in marriage should be linck'd to mee.
 By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,
 (Amongst his holy prophecies enrold)
 When first he did of *Tudors* name diuine,
 That Kings and Queenes should follow in our line,
 And

Notes of the Chronicle historie.

And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* antient Crest)
Should with the golden Flower-delice be drest ;
And that the Leeke, (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Rofes in the English Crowne :
As *Charles* faire daughter, you the Lilly weare,
As *Henries* Queene the blufhing Rose you beare ;
By France's conquest, and by Englands oth,
You are the true made dowager of both ;
Both in your crowne, both in your cheeke together,
Joyne Tethers loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
When it so long hath beene fore-told by Fate ;
And by the all-dispofing doome of heauen,
Before our births, vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* heere, nor *Iuno* is at all,
When *I* to *Venus* giue the golden ball ;
Nor when the Græcians wonder *I* enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And haue not strange euent diuinde to vs,
That in our loue we should be prosperous.
When in your prefence *I* was call'd to dance,
In lofty trickes whilst *I* my selfe aduance ;
And in my turne, my footing failde by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap ?
Who would not iudge it Fortunes greatest grace,
Sith he must fall, to fall in such a place ?
His birth from heauen, your *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor stands on tip-toes in superlatiues,
Although the enuious English do deuife,
A thousand ieafts of our hyperbolies ;
Nor do *I* claime that plot by antient deedes,
Where

Where *Phæbus* pastures his frie-breathing steedes ;
 Nor do I boast my god-made Grandfires scarres,
 Nor Giants trophies in the *Titans* warres ;
 Nor faine my birth (your princely eares to please)
 By three nights getting as was *Hercules*,
 Nor doe I forge my long descent to runne
 From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne,
 And yet in *Wales* with them most famous be,
 Our learned *Bards* doe sing my pedigree,
 And boast my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
 From old *Cair-septon*, in mount *Palador*,
 And from *Eneons* line, the South-wales king
 By *Theodor* the *Tuders* name do bring.
 My royall mothers princely stocke began,
 From her great grandam faire *Gwenellian* ;
 By true descent from *Leolin* the great,
 As well from North-wales as faire *Powlands* seat ;
 Though for our princely genealogie,
 I doe not stand to make apologie ;
 Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,
 Shall looke from whence our name at first did rise,
 Shall finde that Fortune is to vs in debt ;
 And why not *Tuder* as *Plantaginet* ?
 Not that terme *Croggen*, nicke-name of disgrace,
 Vsde as a by-word now in euery place,
 Shall blot our blood, or wrong a Welchmans name,
 Which was at first begot with Englands shame.
 Our valiant swords our right did still maintaine,
 Against that cruell, prowde, vsurping *Dane* ;
 And bucklde in so many dangerous fights,
 With *Norwayes*, *Swethens*, and with *Muscovits*,
 And

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

And kept our natiue language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer changde our tong,
When they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdude, haue loft their country, and their name :
Nor neuer could the *Saxons* swords prouoke
Our Brittain neckes to beare their seruile yoke,
Where *Cambriaes* pleasant Countries bounded bee,
With swelling *Seuerne* , and the holy *Dee* ;
And since great *Brutus* first arriu'd, haue stood,
The onely remnant of the *Troian* blood.
To euery man is not allotted chaunce,
To boast with *Henry* to haue conquerd Fraunce ;
Yet if my fortunes thus may raied be,
This may preface a farther good to me.
And our *S. David*, in the *Brittaines* right,
May ioyne with *Grorge*, the fainted English knight,
And old *Caer-marden*, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not scorn'd by *London*, though of such renowne.
Ah would to God, that houre my hopes attend,
Were with my wifh brought to desired end,
Blame me not Madame, though I thus desire,
When eies with enuie doe my hap admire ;
Till now your beauty in nights bosome slept,
What eie durst stirre, where awfull *Henry* kept ?
Who durst attempt to faile but neere the bay,
Where that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay ?
Thy beauty now is set a royall prize,
And Kings repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing aire,
Orithia makes me that I *Boreas* feare,
If to the fire *Ioue* once in lightning came,

And

And faire *Egina* make me feare the flame.
 If in the Sunne, then sad fuspition dreames
Phæbus should spread *Luciothoe* in his beames,
 If in a fountaine thou doost coole thy blood,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a flood ;
 If with thy maides, I dread *Apolloes* rape,
 Who cofned *Chion* in an old wiues shape ;
 If thou doost banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
 Who in a grape *Erigone* did feede ;
 And if my felfe the chamber doore shoulde keepe,
 Yet feare I *Hermes* comming in a sleepe.
 Pardon (sweete Queene) if I offend in this,
 In these delays loue most impatient is ;
 And youth wants powre his hote splene to fuppreffe,
 When Hope already banquets in exceffe.
 Though *Henries* fame in me you shall not finde,
 Yet that which better shall content your minde ;
 But onely in the title of a King
 Was his aduantage, in no other thing : .
 If in his loue more pleasure you did take,
 Neuer let Queene trust Brittain for my fake.
 Yet iudge me not from modestie exempt,
 That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt,
 My minde that thus your fauours dare aspire,
 Declare a temper of celestiall fire ;
 If loue a fault, the more is Beauties blame,
 When she her felfe is author of the fame.
 All men to fome one qualitie incline,
 Onely to loue is naturally mine.
 Thou arte by Beauty famous, as by birth ;
 Ordainde by heauen, to cheere the drowping earth,
Adde

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Adde faithfull loue vnto your greater state,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more than I.
And thus I leaue, till time my faith approue,
I cease to write, but neuer cease to loue.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

And that the helme, the Tudors ancient Crest.

THe armes of *Tudor* was the helmes of mens heads, whereof he speaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin*.

When in thy presence I was call'd to daunce.

Owin Tudor, being a courtly and actiue Gentleman, commaunded once to daunce before the Queen, in a turne (not being able to recouer himselfe) fell into her lappe, as shee fate vpon a little stoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

*And yet with them in Wales most famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.*

This Berdh, as they call it in the Brittish tongue, or as we more properly say Bard, or *Bardus*, be their Poets, which keepe the records of Petigrees and discents, and sing in odes and measures to the Harps, after the old maner of the Lirick Poets.

And boast my blood from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the last king of the Brittaines, descended of the noble and ancient race of the Troyans, to whom an Angell appeared, commanding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

Since faire Caer-Septon in mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsburie, at whose building it was said an Eagle prophesied (or rather one named *Aquila*) of the same of that place, and of the recouerie of the Ile of the Brytaines, bringing backe with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

And

*And from Eneons line, the South-wales King,
From Theodor, &c.*

This *Eneon* was slaine by the Rebels of Gwentfland, he was a noble and worthie Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom descended the Princes of South-wales.

From her great Grandam faire Guenelliam.

Guenelliam, the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth, ap Theodor*, Prince of South-wales, married *Edniuet Vahan* auncestor to *Owen Tudor*.

By true descent from Liolin the great,

This is the *Lewhelin*, called *Liolinus Magnus*, Prince of North-wales.

Nor that word Croggen, nick-name of disgrace.

In the voyage that *Henry* the second made against the Welchmen, as his Souldiers passed *Offas* ditch at *Croggen* Castel, they were ouerthrowne by the Welchmen: which word *Croggen*, hath since beene vsed to the Welchmens disgrace, which was at first begun with their honour.

And old Caer-Merdin, Merlins famous towne,

Caer-Merdin, or *Merlins* Towne, so called of *Merlins* beeing found there. This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose prophecies wee haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Siluestris*, borne in Scotland, surnamed *Calidonus*, of the Forrest *Calidon* where he prophesied.

And kept our native language now thus long.

The Welchmen bee those ancient Britaines, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons innaded heere, were first driuen into those parts, where they haue kept their language euer since the first, without commixtion with any other language.

Finis.

S To



To my worthy and deerly esteemed friend, Maister Iames
Huish.

SIR your own naturall inclination to vertue, & your loue to the Muses, assure me of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is seated by custome (from which wee are now bolde to assume authoritie) to beare the names of our friends upon the fronts of our bookes, as Gentlemen vse to set their Armes ouer their gates. Some say this vse began by the Heroes & braue spirits of the old world, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honour the names of those braue Princes. But I think some after, put the names of great men in their bookes, for that men should say there was some thing good, only because indeed their names stood there; But for mine owne part (not to dissemble) I find no such vertue in any of their great titles to do so much for any thing of mine, and so let them passe. Take knowledge by this, I loue you and in good faith, worthie of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you may supply the place of further complement.

Yours euer,

M. Drayton

Elinor Cobham to Duke Humfrey.

The Argument.

Elinor Cobham, daughter to the Lord Cobham of Sterborough, and wife to Humfrey Plantaginet duke of Glocester, the sonne of Henry the fourth, King of England, surnamed Bullingbrooke. This noble Duke for his great wisdom and iustice called the good, was by King Henry the fifth (brother to this Duke) at his death appointed Protector of the land, during the nonage of Henry the sixth; this Elinor Duches of Glocester, a proud and ambitious woman, knowing that if young Henry died without issue, the Duke her husband was the neereſt of the blood, conspired with one Bullingbrooke, (otherwise called Onely a great Magitian) Hun a priest, and Iourdane witch of Eye, by sorcerie to make away the King, and by coniuration to know who should succeed. Of this being iustly consulted, shee was adiudged to do penance three severall times openly in London, and then to perpetuall banishment in the Ile of Man, from whence she writeth this Epistle.

ME thinks, not knowing who these lines should send,
 Thou straight turn'ſt ouer to the latter end,
 Where thou my name no sooner haſt eſpi'd,
 But in diſdaine my letters caſt aſide;
 Why if thou wilt, I will my ſelfe denie,
 Nay, I'le affirme and ſweare I am not I,

S 2

Or

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Or if in that thy shame thou doost perceiue,
Ile leaue that name, that name my selfe shall leaue,
And yet me thinkes amazd thou shouldst not stand,
Nor seeme so much appauled at my hand,
For my misfortunes haue inurde thy eie
(Long before this) to sights of misery ;
No, no, reade on, tis I, the very same,
All thou canst reade, is but to reade my shame.
Be not dismaide, nor let my name affright,
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight ;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull spell, nor magique charme ;
If shee that sent it loue duke *Humfrey* so,
It possible her name should be his foe ?
Yes, I am *Elnor*, I am verie shee,
Who brought for dower a virgins bed to thee,
Though enuious *Beuford* slaunderd me before,
To be duke *Humfreis* wanton Paramore,
And though indeede I can it not denie,
To Magique once I did my selfe apply,
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poisning Philters, and bewitching drinke,
Nor on thy person did I euer proue,
Those wicked portions so procuring loue,
I cannot boast to be rich *Hollands* heire
Nor of the bloud and greatnes of *Bauire*,
Yet *Elnor* brought no forraine armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin* ;
Nor clamorous husbands followed me that fled,
Exclayming *Humfrey* to defile his bed,
Nor wast thou forcde the slaunder to suppress.

To

To fend me backe as an adulteresse ;
 Brabant nor Burgoyne, claimed me by force,
 Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my deuorce ;
 Nor Belgias pompe defac'd with Belgias fire,
 The iust reward of her vniust desire ;
 Nor *Bedfords* spouse, nor noble sister *Anne*,
 That princely-issued great Burgunnian,
 Should stand with me, to moue a womans strife,
 To yeelde the place to the Protectors wife.
 If *Cobhams* name my birth can dignifie,
 Or Sterborough renowne my familie ;
 Where's *Greenewich* now, thy *Elnors* Court of late,
 Where she with *Humfrey* held a princely state ?
 That pleasant Kent, when I abroad should ride,
 That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride ;
 The Thames by water when I tooke the ayre,
 Danc'd with my Barge in lanching from the staire ;
 The ankoring ships that when I pas'd the road,
 Were wont to hang their chequered tops abroad ;
 How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
 To see my pompe, so goddesse-like on land,
 Should after see me mayld vp in a sheete,
 Doe shamefull penance three times in the streete ?
 Rung with a bell, a Taper in my hand,
 Bare-foote to trudge before a Beedles wand ;
 That little babes, not hauing vse of tongue,
 Stood pointing at me as I came along.
 Where's *Humfreys* power, where was his great com-
 Waft thou not Lord-protector of the Land ? (mand,
 Or for thy iustice, who can thee deny,
 The title of the good Duke *Humfrey* ?

S 3

Haft

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Haſt thou not at thy life, and in thy looke,
The ſeale of *Gaunt*, the hand of *Bullingbrooke*?
What blood extract from famous *Edwards* line,
Can boaſt it ſelfe to be ſo pure as thine?
Who elſe next *Henry* ſhould the Realme prefer,
If it allow of famous *Lancaſter*?
But *Rayners* daughter muſt from France be ſet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be ſet;
Mauns, Maine and Aniou, on that begger caſt,
To bring her home to England in ſuch haſte,
And what for *Henry* thou haſt laboured there,
To ioyne the King with *Arminacks* rich heire,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had beene,
Poole needes muſt haue his darling made a Queene;
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To haue his Earleſhip with a Dukedome grac'd?
And raiſe the of-ſpring of his blood ſo hie,
As Lords of vs and our poſteritie.
O that by ſea when he to France was ſent,
The ſhip had ſuncke wherein the traitor went;
Or that the ſands had ſwallowed her before
She e're ſet foote vpon the Engliſh ſhore.
But all is well, nay we haue ſtore to giue,
What neede we more, we by her lookes can liue:
All that great *Henry* by his conqueſts heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Be giuen backe to *Rayner* all in poſt,
And by this meanes, rich Normandy be loſt;
Thoſe which haue comen as Miſtreſſes of ours,
Haue into England brought their goodly dowers,
Which to our Coffers yeerely tribute brings,

The

The life of subiects and the strength of Kings ;
 The meanes whereby faire England euer might
 Raife power in France, to backe our antient right ;
 But she brings ruine heere to make abroad,
 And cancells all our lawfull claime abroad,
 And she must recapitulate my shame,
 And giue a thousand by-words to my name,
 And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
 With all despight that may a woman spot :
 O that I were a witch but for her sake !
 Ifaith her Queeneship little rest should take ;
 I would scratch that face that may not feele the ayre,
 And knit whole ropes of witch-knots in her haire,
 Or I would hag her nightly in her bed,
 And on her breast sit like a lumpe of lead,
 And like a Fayrie, pinch that dainty skin,
 Her wanton blood is now so cockered in,
 Or take me some such knowne familiar shape,
 As she my vengeance neuer should escape ;
 Were I a garment, none should neede the more
 To sprinckle me with *Nessus* poisoned gore,
 It were enough if she once put me on,
 To teare both flesh and sinewes from the bone ;
 Were I a flower that might her smell delight,
 Though I were not the poisoning Aconite,
 I would send such a fume into her brow,
 Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
 They say, the *Druides* once liu'd in this Ile,
 This fatall *Man*, the place of my exile, (wrought,
 Whose powerfull charmes, such dreadfull wonders
 Which in the gotish Island tongue were taught ;

S 4

O

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

O that their spels to me they had resignde,
Wherewith they raifde and calmde both sea & winde,
And made the Moone pawse in her paled spheare,
Whilst her grim Dragons drew them through the aire,
Their hellish power to kill the Plow-mans feede,
Or to fore-speake the flockes as they did feede,
To nurse a damned spirit with humane blood,
To carry them through earth, ayre, fire and flood ;
Had *I* this skill that time hath almost lost,
How like a Goblin *I* would haunt her ghost,
O pardon, pardon my mis-gouernde tongue,
A womans strength cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the heauens her comming in withstand,
As though affrighted when she came to land ?
The earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly Thames did twice keepe backe her tide ;
Pauls shooke with tempests, and that mounting spire,
With lightning sent from heauen was set on fire ;
Our stately buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by these prodigious signes were showne ;
More fearefull visions on the English earth,
Than euer were at any death or birth.
Ah Humfrey, Humfrey, if *I* should not speake,
My breast would split, my very heart would breake.
I that was wont so many to command,
Worse now then with a clapdish in my hand ;
A simple mantle couering me withall,
A very leaper of Cares hospitall,
That from my state a preface held in awe,
Glad heere to kennell in a pad of straw ;
And like an Owle by night to goe abroad,

Roosted

Roofed all day within an Iuy tod,
 Among the fea-cliffes, in the dampy caues,
 In charnall houfes, or among the graues ;
 Saw'ft thou thofe eies, in whose sweet cheereful looke,
 Duke *Humfrey* once fuch ioy and pleasure tooke ;
 Sorrow hath fo difpoyl'd me of all grace,
 Thou couldst not fay, this was my *Elnors* face ;
 Like a fowle Gorgon, whose disheuel'd haire,
 With euery blast flies glaring in the ayre ;
 Some standing vp like hornes vpon my head,
 Euen like thofe women that in Coos are bred :
 My lanke breasts hang like bladders left vnblowne,
 My skin with lothsome Iaundize ouer-growne ;
 So pinde away, that if thou long'ft to see
 Ruines true picture, onely looke on mee ;
 Sometime in thinking of what I haue had,
 Euen in a suddaine extasie am mad ;
 Then like a Bedlam, forth thy *Elnor* runnes,
 Like one of *Bacchus* raging franticke Nunnes,
 Or like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
 Preparde vnto a difmall sacrifice.
 That Prelate *Beuford*, a fowle ill befall him,
 Prelate said I ! nay diuell I should call him,
 Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amiffe,
 His very name me thinks my poison is ;
 Ah that vile Iudas, our professed foe,
 My curse pursue him where so e're he goe ;
 That to my iudgement when I did appeare,
 Laid to my charge those things which neuer were.
 I should pertake with *Bullingbrookes* intents,
 The hallowing of his magique instruments ;

That

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

That I procured *Southwell* to assist,
Which was by order consecrate a Priest,
That it was I should couer all they did,
That but for him, had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile bastard, that himselfe dare vaunt
To be the sonne of thy braue grandfire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but fatherd of meere charity,
To rid his mother of that infamy,
Who if report of Elder times be true,
Vnto this day his father neuer knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* throne attempted once to clime ;
Hauing procurde by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his soueraigne to haue slaine ;
Who to his Chamber closely he conuaide,
And for that purpose fitly there had laide,
Vpon whose sword that famous Prince had died,
If by a dogge he had not beene discried.
But now the Queene, her Minion *Poole* and he,
As it please them, so now must all things be ;
England's no place for any one beside,
All is too little to maintaine their pride :
What of a King hath *Henry* but the name,
And now scarce that, so publike his defame ?
And I pray God I do not liue the day,
To see thy ruine, and thy Realmes decay ;
And yet as sure as *Humfrey* seemes to stand,
He be preferu'd from that vile traytors hand ;
From *Glosters* seate, I would thou wert estrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedomes name were
For it portends no goodnes vnto vs, (chang'd ;
Ah

Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, it is ominous,
Yet rather then thy hap so hard should be,
I would thou wert heere banished with me :
Humfrey adue, farewell true noble Lord,
My wish is all thy *Elnor* can afford.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

I fought that dreadfull Sorceresse of Eye.

Elinor Cobham was accused by some that sought to withstand,
and misliked her marriage with Duke *Humfrey*, that she practi-
sed to giue him Philters, and such poisoning potions, to make him
loue her, as she was slandered by Cardinall *Beuford*, to haue liued
as the Dukes Lemman, against the which Cardinall she exclai-
meth in this Epistle in the verse before.

Though enuious Beuford slandered me before.

Noting the extreame hate he euer bore her.

*Nor Elnor brought thee forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe as did thy Iacomyn.*

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer tutchted the re-
putation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married *Iacomyn*, or
as some call her *Iaguet*, daughter and heire to *William Bauder*,
Duke of Holland, married before, and lawfull wife to *Iohn* Duke
of Brabant, then liuing; which after as it is shewed in this verse
following.

*Brabant nor Burgoyne claimed me by force,
Nor sh'd to Rome to hasten my deuorce.*

Caused great warres, by reason that the Duke of Burgoyne
tooke part with Brabant, against the Duke of Glocester; which
being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adiudged to be deli-
uered backe to here former husband.

*Nor Bedfords spouse, your noble sister Anne,
That Princely issued braue Burgonian.*

Iohn Duke of Bedford, that scourge of France, and the glory of
the

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

the Englishmen, married *Anne*, sister to the Duke of Burgundie, a vertuous and beautifull Lady; by which marriage, as also by his victories attained in France, he brought great strength to the English Nation.

Where's Greenwich now, thy Elnors Court of late?

That faire and goodly pallace of Greenwich, was first builded by that famous Duke, whose rich and pleasant situation might remaine an assured monument of his wisdom, if there were no other memory of the same.

They say the Druides once lived in this Ile.

It would seeme that there were two Ilands, both of them called *Mona*, though now distinguished the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Anglesey, both which were full of many infernall ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricolaes* voyage, made into the hithermost Man, described by his sonne in law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarisme and ignorance; so amongst those Northerly nations, like as in America, Magicke was most esteemed. *Druidæ* were the publicke ministers of their religion, as throrghly taught in all rites thereof; their doctrine concerned the immortalitie of the soule, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimitie: their aboad was in groues and woods, whereupon they haue their name; their power extended it selfe to maister the foules of men deceased, and to conferre with ghosts and other spirits, about the successe of things. *Plutarch*, in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of Oracles, reporteth that the outmost Brittain Iles, were the prison of I wot not what Demi-gods; but it shall not neede to speake any farther of the *Druidæ*, then that which *Lucan* doth.

*Et vos barbaricus ritus, moremq; sinistrum,
Sacrorum Druidæ positis repetistis ab armis.*

Did not the heavens her comming in withstand?

Noting the prodigious and fearefull signes that were seene in England, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expresth in this Epistle, as fore-shewing the dangers which should ensue vpon this vn lucky marriage.

The

The hallowing of the magique instruments.

The instruments which *Bullenbrooke* vied in his coniurations, according to the diuellish ceremonies and customes of these vn-lawfull Artes, were dedicated at a Masse in the Lodge in *Harnsey* Parke, by *Southwell*, Priest of *Westminster*.

Having procure by hopes of golden gaine,

This was one of the Articles that Duke *Humfrey* vrgde against the Cardinall *Beuford*, that conspired the death of *Henry* the fift, by conuaying a villaine into his chamber, which in the night should haue murdered him : but what ground of trueth hee had for the same, I leaue to dispute.

¶ Duke Humfrey to Elinor
Cobham.

ME thinks thou shuldst not doubt I could forget
Her whom so many do remember yet ;
No, no, our ioyes away like shadowes slide,
But sorrowes firme, in memory abide ;
Nay I durst answere, thou doost nothing lesse,
But mou'd with passion, vrgde by thy distresse ;
No *Elnor* no, thy woes, thy grieffe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breast beene resident too long ;
Oh when report in euery place had spred,
My *Elnor* was to sanctuarie fled,
With cursed *Onley*, and the witch of Eye,
As guiltie of their vile conspiracie ;
The dreadfull spirits when they did inuocate,

For

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

For the succession, and the realmes estate ;
When *Henries* Image they in waxe had wrought,
By which he should vnto his death be brought ;
That as his picture did consume away,
His person so by sicknes should decay ;
Griefe that before could ne're my thoughts controule,
That instant tooke possession of my soule.
Ah would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that instruct me still ;
But that before hath taken too sure hold,
Forget it said I ; would to God I could.
Of any woe, if thou hast but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my hart ;
I haue no neede of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue is nothing else but sorrow.
No my sweete *Nell*, thou tookst not all away,
Though thou wentst hence, here stil thy woes do stay,
Though from thy husband thou wert forcde to go,
Those still remaine, they will not leaue me so ;
No eie bewailes my ill, moanes my distresse,
Our griefe is more, but yet our debt is lesse ;
We owe no teares, no mourning dayes are kept ;
For those that yet for vs haue neuer wept ;
We hold no obijts, no sad exequies
Vpon the death-daies of vnweeping eies.
Alas good *Nell*, what should thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kind Lord with a forraine loue ?
Thou mightst haue bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the olde, we haue such store of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine
With mutuall griefe to answere griefe againe ?

Or

Or thinkst thou I vnkindly did forbear,
 To bandie woe for woe, and teare for teare ?
 Did I omit, or carelesly neglect,
 Those shewes of loue that Ladies so respect ?
 In mournefull blacke was I not seene to goe ?
 By outward shewes to tell my inward woe :
 Nor drerie words were wasted in lament,
 Nor cloudy brow bewraid my discontent,
 Is this the cause ? if this be it, know then,
 One grieve concealde more grieuous is than ten :
 If in my breast those sorrowes sometimes were,
 And neuer vttered, still they must be there,
 And if thou knowst, they many were before,
 By time increasing they must needes be more ;
 England to me, can challenge nothing lent,
 Let her cast vp, what is receiu'd, what spent,
 If I her owne, can she from blame be free,
 If she but proue a stepdame vnto mee ?
 That if I should with that proud bastard strue,
 To pleade my birth-right and prerogatiue ;
 If birth allow, I should not neede to feare it,
 For then my true nobilitie should beare it ;
 If counsell ayde, that *Fraunce* will tell (I know)
 Whose townes lie waste before the English foe ;
 When thrice we gaue the conquered French the foile,
 At *Agincourt*, at *Crauant*, and *Uernoile*,
 If faith auaille, these armes did *Henry* hold,
 To claime his crowne, yet scarcely nine months old.
 If countries care haue leaue to speake for me,
 Gray haire in youth, my witnes then may be,
 If peoples tongues giue splendor to my fame,
 They

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

They adde a title to duke *Humfries* name ;
If toyle at home, French treafon, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the state,
If forraine trauell my successe may try,
In *Flaunders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy,*
That robe of *Rome* prowde *Beuford* now doth weare,
In euery place fuch fway should neuer beare.
The Crofier staffe in his imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the land ;
That home to *England*, despenfations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our lawes,
That for those summes the wealthy church should pay,
Vpon the needy Commontie to lay,
His ghostly counsell onely doe aduise,
The meanes how *Langlies* progenie may rise,
Pathing young *Henries* vnaduised waies,
A Duke of *Yorke* from *Cambridge* house to raise,
Which after may our title vndermine,
Grafted since *Edward* in *Gaunts* famous line :
Vs of fucceffion safely to depriue,
Which they from Clarence famedly deriue,
Knowing the will old *Cambridge* euer bore,
To catch the wreathe that famous *Henry* wore.
With *Gray* and *Scroope*, when first he laide the plot,
From vs, and ours, the garland to haue got.
As from the March-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
Whose title *Glendour* stoutly did maintaine,
When the prowde *Percies* haughty *March*, and hee,
Had sharde the Land by equall partes in three.
His Priestthoode now sterne *Mowbray* doth restore,
To stirre the fire that kindled was before ;
Against

Against the Yorkists shall their claime aduance,
 To steele the poynt of *Norffolkes* sturdie lance,
 Vpon the breast of *Herfords* issue bent,
 In iust reuenge of antient banishment.
 He dooth aduise to let our prisoner goe,
 And doth enlarge the faithlesse Scottish foe,
 Giuing our heires in marriage, that their dowres
 May bring inuasion vpon vs and ours.
 Ambitious *Suffolke* so the helme doth guide,
 With *Beufords* damned policies supplide ;
 He and the Queene in counsell still conferre,
 How to raise him who hath aduanced her.
 But my deere heart, how vainely do I dreame,
 And flie from thee, whose sorrowes are my theame ?
 My loue to thee and England thus diuided,
 With the most parte how hard to be decided,
 Or thee, or that, to whether I am loath,
 So neere are you, so deere vnto me both,
 Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I finde
 England ingratefull, and my *Elnor* kind.
 But though my country iustly I reprove,
 For countries sake vnkinde vnto my loue,
 Yet is thy *Humfrey* to his *Elnor*, now,
 As when fresh beauty triumpht on thy brow,
 As when thy graces I admired most,
 Or of thy fauours might the frankli'ft boast,
 Those beauties were so infinite before,
 That in abundance I was onely poore,
 Of which, though time hath taken some againe,
 I aske no more but what doth yet remaine.
 Be patient gentle heart in thy distresse,

T

Thou

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Thou arte a Princeffe, not a whit lesse.
Whilst in these breasts we beare about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou arte my wife ;
Cast not thine eie on such as mounted be,
But looke on those cast downe as lowe as we ;
For some of them which prowdly pearch so hie,
Ere long shall come as lowe as thou or I.
They weepe for ioy, and let vs laugh in woe,
We shall exchange when heauen will haue it so.
We mourne, and they in after time may mourne,
Woe past may once, laugh present woe to scorne,
And worfe than hath beene we can neuer taste,
Worfe cannot come than is already past.
In all extreames, the onely depth of ill,
Is that which comforts the afflicted still ;
Ah would to God thou wouldst thy griefes denie,
And on my backe let all the burthen lie !
Or if thou canst resign, make thine mine owne,
Both in one carriage to be vndergone,
Till we againe our former hopes recouer,
And prosp'rous times blow these misfortunes ouer,
For in the thought of those forepassed yeares,
Some new resemblance of old ioy appeares.
Mutuall our care, so mutuall be our loue,
That our affliction neuer can remoue,
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
Wishing thee more than I my selfe can giue.

Notes

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle,

THE three famous battels, fought by the Englishmen in France : Agincourt by *Henry* the fift, against the whole power of France, Crauant fought by *Montacute*, Earle of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, against the Dolphine of France, & *William Stuart*, Constable of Scotland : Vernoyle, fought by *John* Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanfon, and with him most of the Nobilitie of France, Duke *Humfrey* an Especiall Councillour in all these expeditions.

In Flaunders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundie.

Here remembring the auncient amitie which in his ambassaes he concluded betwixt the King of England, and *Sigmund* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the same league, giuing himselfe as an hostage for the duke of saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the league. With his many other employments to forraine Kingdoms.

That crofter flaffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beuford, Cardinall of Winchester, that proud & haughtie Prelate, receyued his Cardinals hat at Calice by the Popes Legate, which dignitie, *Henry* the fift his nephew, forbade him to take vpon him, knowing his haughtie and malicious spirit vnfit for that robe and calling.

The meanes how Langleis progenie may rise.

As willing to shew the house of Cambridge to bee descended of *Edmund Langley* Duke of Yorke, a yonger brother to *John* of Gaunt his Grand-father (as much as in him lay) to smother the title that the Yorkists made to the crowne (from *Lionell* of Clarence, *Gaunts* elder brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

T 2

His

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

His priesthood now, sterne Mowbray doth restore.

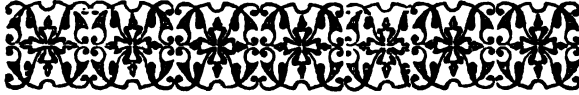
Noting the ancient grudge betweene the house of Lancaster and Norffolke, euer since *Mowbray* duke of Norffolke was banished for the accusation of *Henry* duke of Herford, (after the king of England father to duke *Humfrey*,) which accusation hee came as a Combatant, to haue made good in the Lifts at Couentry.

And giues our heires in marriage that their dowers.

James Stuart King of Scots, hauing bin long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of *Iohn* duke of Somersfet, sister to *Iohn* duke of Somersfet, neece to the Cardinall, and the duke of *Excester*, and coosin germain remooued to the King, this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemie to England.

FINIS.

To



¶ To my Honored Mistris, Mistris Elizabeth Tanfield, the soledaughter and heire of that famous and learned Lawyer, *Lawrence Tanfield*, Esquire.

FAire and vertuous Mistris, since first it was my good fortune to bee a witnesse of the many rare perfections wherewith nature and education haue adorned you, I haue beene forced since that time, to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer Petrarch could before perswade mee to by the praises of his Laura. Sweete is the French tongue, more sweete the Italian; but most sweete are they both, if spoken by your admired selfe. If Poesie were praiselesse, your vertues alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though among the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeeres giue scarcely warrant for your more then womanlike wisdome, by so much is your iudgement and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more sister by your selfe, and England to her selfe shall adde one Muse more to Muses. I rest the humble deuoted seruant, to my decre and modest Mistrisse, to whom I wish the happiest fortunes I can devise.

Michaell Drayton.

T 3

William

William de la Pole Duke of Suffolke, to Queene Margaret.

The Argument.

William de la Pole, first Marques, and after created Duke of Suffolke, being sent into France by King Henry the sixth, concluded a marriage betweene the King his Master, and Margaret, daughter to Rayner, Duke of Aniou, who onely had the title of the King of Cicily and Ierusalem. This marriage being made, contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counsell of the Realme (by reason of the yeelding up of Aniou and Maine into the Dukes hands, which shortly after proued the losse of all Aquitaine,) they euer after continually hated the Duke, and after, (by meanes of the Commons) banished him at the Parlement at Berry; where after he had the iudgement of his exile, being then ready to depart, hee writeth backe to the Queene this Epistle.

IN my disgrace (deere Queene) rest thy content,
And Margarets health from Suffolkes banishment,
Not one day seemes fūe yeeres exile to mee,
But that so soone I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is euer night,
All be exilde that liue not in thy sight.
Those Sauages which worship the Sunnes rise,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine eyes;
The worlds great light, might'st thou be seene abroad,
Would at our noone-stead neuer make abroad;
And

And make the poore Antipodes to mourne,
 Fearing lest he would neuer more returne,
 Wert not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
 To liue within this sea-inuironde Ile.
Poles courage brookes not limmitting in bands,
 But that (great Queene) thy soueraignty commands :
 Our Falcons kinde cannot the cage endure,
 Nor buzzard-like dooth stoope to euery lure ;
 Their mounting broode in open ayre doth roue,
 Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue ;
 We all do breath vpon this earthly ball,
 Likewise one heauen encompasseth vs all,
 No banishment can be to him assignde,
 Who doth retaine a true resolued minde.
 Man in himselfe, a little world doth beare,
 His soule the Monarch, euer ruling there,
 Where euer then his body doth remaine,
 He is a King that in himselfe doth raigne,
 And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'st alarmes,
 That beares against her *Patience* for his Armes.
 This was the meane prowde *Warwicke* did inuent,
 To my disgrace at Leister Parlement,
 That onely I, by yeelding vp of Maine,
 Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine,
 With the base vulgar fort to win him fame,
 To be the heire of good Duke *Humfreys* name ;
 And so by treason spotting my pure blood,
 Make this a meane to raise the *Neuels* brood.
 With *Salsbury* his vile ambitions fyre,
 In *Yorkes* sterne breast, kindling long hidden fire,
 By *Clarence* title working to supplant,

T 4

The

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascall multitude ;
Vrg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That since the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he must be murdered.
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let him call home Dame *Ellinor* his wife,
Who with a taper walked in a sheete,
To light her shame at noone through London street ;
And let her bring her Negromanticke booke,
That fowle hag *Iordane*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrooke*,
And let them call the spirits from hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died, and who shall raigne.
For twenty yeeres and haue I serude in France,
Against great *Charles* and bastard *Orleance* ?
And seene the slaughter of a World of men,
Victorious now, and conquered agen ;
And haue I seene Vernoylas batfull fields,
Strew'd with ten thousand helms, ten thousand shields,
Where famous *Bedford* did our fortune try,
Or France, or England for the victory ?
The sad inuesting of so many Townes,
Scorde on my breast in honourable wounds ;
When *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of such name,
Vnder my Ensigne both first won their fame,
In heate and cold all fortunes haue indurde,
To rowze the French, within their walls immurde ;
Through all my life, these perrills haue I past,
And now to feare a banishment at last ?

Thou

Thou knowst how *I* (thy beauty to aduance)
 For thee refusde the infant Queene of France,
 Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* first did make,
 Twixt *Henry* and the Princesse *Arminacke*;
 Onely (sweete Queene) thy prefence *I* might gaine,
 I giue Duke *Rayner*, Aniou, Mauns and Maine,
 Thy peerelesse beutie for a dower to bring,
 To counterpoize the wealth of Englands King;
 And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers,
 And came my selfe in person first to Towers,
 Th'Ambassadors for truce to entertaine,
 From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spaine,
 And telling *Henry* of thy beauties story,
I taught my tongue a louers Oratory,
 As the report it selfe did so indite,
 And make it ravish teares with such delight;
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
 My lookes shewde more that was Angelicall,
 And when I breathde againe and pawfed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text;
 Then comming of thy modesty to tell,
 In musickes numbers my voyce rose and fell:
 And when *I* came to paint thy glorious stile,
 My speech in greater cadences to file,
 By true descent to weare the Diadem,
 Of Naples, Cicils and Ierusalem,
 And from the Gods thou didst deriue thy birth,
 If heauenly kinde could ioyne with broode of earth;
 Gracing each title that *I* did recite,
 With some mellifluous pleasing Epethite,
 Nor left him not, till he for loue was ficke,

Behol-

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Beholding thee in my sweete Rhetoricke.
A fiftenees taxe in France I freely spent
In triumphs, at thy nuptiall tournament ;
And solem nizde thy marriage in a gowne,
Valude at more then was thy fathers Crowne ;
And onely struiuing how to honour thee,
Gaued to my King, what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindenesse haue not power to moue,
Who for his lous sake gaue away his loue.
Had he which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long agoe did sing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe,
Would ouer-boord haue cast his golden sheepe,
As too vnworthy ballace to be thought,
To pester roome, with such perfection fraught.
The briny seas which saw the ship enfold thee,
Would vault vp to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themselues in thronging smother,
Breaking for grieve, enuying one another ;
When the prowde Barke, for ioy thy steps to feele,
Scornd the salt waues shuld kisse her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, her selfe she braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the siluer waues ;
When like a Bull from the Phenician strand,
Ioue with *Europa*, tripping from the land,
Vpon the bosome of the maine doth scud,
And with his swannish breast cleauing the floud,
Tow'rd the faire fields, vpon the other side,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicias* pride.
All heauenly beauties ioyne themselues in one,
To shew their glory in thine eye alone ;

Which

Which when it turneth that celestiall ball,
 A thousand sweet starres rise, a thousand fall.
 Who iustly faith, mine banishment to bee,
 When onely France for my recourse is free?
 To view the plaines where I haue seene so oft,
 Englands victorious engines raisde aloft,
 When this shall be my comfort in my way,
 To see the place where I may boldly say,
 Heere mighty *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
 Heere *Talbot* charg'd, and heere the Frenchmen fled,
 Heere with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie,
 Heere stood the Tents of famous *Willoughbie*;
 Heere *Mountacute* rangde his conquering band,
 Heere forth we march'd, and heere we made a stand.
 What should we stand to mourne and grieue all day,
 For that which time doth easily take away?
 What fortune hurts, let patience onely heale,
 No wisedome with extremities to deale.
 To know our selues to come of humane birth,
 These sad afflictions crosse vs heere on earth.
 A taxe imposde by heauens eternall law,
 To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
 In vaine we prize that at so deere a rate,
 Whose best assurance is a fickle state,
 And needeleffe we examine our intent,
 When with preuention, we cannot preuent;
 When we our selues fore-seeing cannot shun,
 That which before, with destinie doth run,
Henry hath power, and may my life depose,
 Mine honour mine, that none hath power to lose;
 Then be as cheerefull, (beauteous royall Queene)

As

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

As in the Court of France we erst haue beene ;
As when arriu'd in Porchefters faire road,
(Where, for our comming *Henry* made aboard)
When in mine armes I brought thee safe to land,
And gaue my loue to *Henries* royall hand,
The happy howres we passed with the King,
At faire South-hampton, long in banquetting,
With such content as lodg'd in *Henries* breast,
When he to London brought thee from the West ;
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride,
To Westminster, to entertaine his Bride.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Our Falcons kinde cannot the cage indure.

HE alludes in these verses to the Falcon, which was the antient device of the *Poles*, comparing the greatnesse and hawtinesse of his spirit, to the nature of this bird,

*This was the meane proud Warwicke did inuent,
To my disgrace, &c.*

The Commons at this Parlement, through *Warwicks* meanes, accused *Suffolke* of treason, and vrged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five yeeres.

*That onely I by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine.*

The Duke of Suffolke being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose Duke *Rainers* daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, whom he espoused for *Henry* the sixt, deliuering for her to her father, the Countries of Aniou and Maine, and the City of Mauns. Whereupon the Earle of Arminach (whose daughter was before promised to the King) seeing himselfe to bee deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expulsed Aquitaine, Galcoyne and Guyen.

With

*With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heyre of good Duke Humfreys name.*

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of Warwicke, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

*With Salisburie, his vile ambitious Sire,
In Yorks sterne breast, kindling long hidden fire,
By Clarence title, working to supplant,
The Eagle Ayrie of great Iohn of Gaunt.*

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the sixt, claimed the Crowne (being assisted by this *Richard Newill* Earle of Salisburie, and father to the great Earle of Warwicke, who fauoured exceedingly the house of Yorke) in open Parliament, as heir to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his Mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, sonne to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of Yorke; which *Anne* was daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March, which *Roger* was sonne & heire to *Edmund Mortimer* that married the Ladie *Philip*, daughter and heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of King *Edward*, to whom the crowne after King *Richard* the seconds death, linealy descended, he dying without issue. And not to the heires of the Duke of Lancaster, that was yonger brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall. cap. 1. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

*Vrg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death.*

Humfrey Duke of Glocester, & Lord Protector in the 25. yeare of *Henry* the sixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolke was arrested by the Lord *Beumond*, at the Parliament holden at Berrie, and the same night after murdered in his bed.

*If they would know who robd him, &c. To this verse,
To know how Humfrey died, and who shall raigne.*

In these verses he iests at the Protectors wife, who (being accused & conuicted of treason, because with *Iohn Hun* a priest, *Roger Bul-lingbrooke* a Negromancer, & *Margery Iordan*, called the Witch of Eie, she had consulted by forcery to kil the king) was adiudged to perpetuall

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

perpetuall prifon in the Ile of Man, and to doe penance openly in three publique places in London.

For twentie yeares and haue I feru'd in Fraunce,

In the fixt yeare of *Henry* the fixt, the Duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieutenant generall, and Regent of Fraunce; this Duke of Suffolke, was promoted to that dignity, hauing the Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute* to affist him.

Against great Charles, and basturd Orleance.

This was *Charles* the feauenth, and after the death of *Henry* the fifth obtained the crowne of France, and recouered againe much of that his father had loft. Bastard *Orleance*, was sonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord *Cawnies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because hee being a most valiant Captaine, was continuall enemie to the Englishmen, dayly infesting them with diuerse incursions.

And haue I scene Vernoyla's batfull fields.

Vernoyle is that noted place in Fraunce, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Henrie* the fixt his raigne, where the most of the French Chiuallrie were ouercome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers,

Aumerle is that strong defenced towne in France, which the Duke of Suffolke got after 24. great assaults giuen vnto it.

And came my selfe in person first to Towers

Th'Embassadours for truce to entertaine,

From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spaine.

Towers is a Cittie in France, built by *Brutus* as hee came into Britaine, where, in the twentie and one yeare of the raigne of *Henry* the fixt, was appoynted a great diet to bee kept, whither came the Embassadours of the Empire, Spaine, Hungary, & Denmarke, to entreate for a perpetuall peace, to bee made betweene the two Kings of England and Fraunce.

By true descent to weare the Diadem,

Of Naples, Cicillie, and Ierusalem.

Rainer

Rainer Duke of Aniou, father to Queene *Margaret*, called him selfe King of Naples, Cicily, and Ierusalem, hauing the title alone of King of those Countries.

A fiftene taxe in Fraunce I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded twixt King *Henry* and *Margaret*, daughter to duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fiftenth to fetch her into England.

Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe.

Deepe is a towne in Fraunce, bordering vpon the Sea, where the Duke of Suffolke with Queene *Margaret*, tooke shippe for England.

As when arriu'd in Porcheſter faire Road.

Porcheſter, a hauen towne in the South-west part of England, where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arriual, whom from thence he conuayed to South-hampton.

Queene Margaret to VVilliam
de-la-Poole Duke of
Suffolke.

WHAT newes (*sweet Pole*) look'ſt thou mylines ſhuld
But like the tolling of the dolefull Bell? (tell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue,
My breſt, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vaſt and defart wilderneſſe is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,
On

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

On whose breeme seas the icie mountaines flote
Where those poore creatures banisht from the light,
Do liue imprisond in continuall night.
No ioy presents my foules eternall eies,
But diuination of sad tragedies,
And Care takes vp her solitarie inne,
Where youth and ioy their court did once beginne.
As in September when our yeere resignes,
The glorious Sunne vnto the watric signes,
Which through the clouds lookson the earth in scorn,
The little bird, yet to salute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches sets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the mossie roote ;
And there a feely chiripping dooth keepe,
As though she faine would sing, yet faine would weep,
Praising faire summer that too soone is gone,
Or sad for winter too fast comming on,
In this strange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my hart.
Now to our aide, who stirs the neighbouring kings ?
Or who from France a puissant armie brings ?
Who moues the Norman to abet our warre ?
Or stirs vp *Burgoyne*, to ayde *Lancaster* ?
Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends ?
To whom shall I my secret grieue impart ?
Whose breast I made the closet of my hart.
The antient *Heroes* fame thou didst reuine,
And didst from them thy memorie deriue,
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in *Poole* she was too prodigall ;

Of

Of so diuine and rich a temper wrought,
 As heauen for him perfections deepe had fought ;
 VVell knew king *Henry* what he pleaded for,
 When he chose thee to be his Orator ;
 VVhose Angell-eye by powrefull influence,
 Doth vtter more than humane eloquence,
 That when *Ioue* would his youthful sports haue tride,
 But in thy shape himselfe would neuer hide ;
 Which in his loue had bin of greater power,
 Then was his Nymph, his flame, his swan, his shower,
 To that allegiance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
 To *Henries* heires and safety of vs both,
 No longer now he meanes record shall beare it,
 He will dispence with heauen, and will vnswear it.
 He that's in all the worlds blacke sinnes forlorne,
 Is carelesse now how oft he be forsworne ;
 And now of late his title hath set downe,
 By which he makes his claime vnto the Crowne.
 And now I heare his hatefull duchesse chats,
 And rips vp their descent vnto her brats,
 And blesteth them as Englands lawfull heires,
 And tells them that our diademe is theirs.
 And if such hap her goddesse Fortune bring,
 If three sonnes faile, sheele make the fourth a King.
 He that's so like his Damme, her yongest *Dicke*,
 That foule, ill-fauored, crookebacke stigmaticke,
 That like a carcas stolne out of a tombe ;
 Came the wrong way out of hir mothers wombe ;
 With teeth in's head, his passage to haue torne,
 As though begot an age e're he was borne.
 Who now will curbe prowde *Yorke* when he shal rise ?

V

Or

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Or armes our right against his enterprize,
To crop that bastard weede which daily growes
To ouer-shadow our vermilian Rose ?
Or who will muzzel that vnruely Beare,
Whose presence strikes our peoples harts with feare ?
Whilst on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To saue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
Where like a mounting Cedar he should beare
His plumed top aloft into the ayre ;
And let these shrubs sit vnderneath his shrowdes,
Whilst in his armes he doth embrace the clowdes,
Or that he should his fathers right inherite,
Yet be an alien to that mightie spirite.
How were those powers disperſde, or whether gone,
Should sympathize in generation,
Or what apposed influence had force,
So much t'abuse and alter natures course ?
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Daisie-flower, which erst perfumde the ayre,
Which for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the dust lies troden on the ground,
And with *Yorkes* garlands euery one is crownd.
When now his rising waites on our decline,
And in our setting he beginnes to shine,
Now in the skies that dreadful Comet waues,
And who be starres but *Warwicks* bearded staues ?
And all those knees which bended once so low,
Grow stiffe, as though they had forgot to bow ;
And none like them pursue me with despite,
Which most haue cride, God saue Queene *Margarite*,
When

When fame shall brute thy banishment abroad,
 The Yorkish faction then will lay on load ;
 And when it comes once to our western coast,
 O how that hag Dame *Elinor* will boast,
 And labour strait by all the meanes she can,
 To be calld home out of the Ile of Man,
 To which I know great *Warwicke* will consent,
 To haue it done by act of Parlement,
 That to my teeth my birth she may defie,
 Slaundring duke *Rayner* with base beggerie ;
 The onely way she could deuise to grieue me, (me,
 Wanting sweete *Suffolke*, which shouldst most relieue
 And from that stocke doth sprout another bloome,
 A Kentish rebell, a base vpstart groome ;
 And this is he the white Rose must preferre,
 By *Clarence* daughter, matcht with *Mortimer*,
 Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this rascall pefant *Cade*,
 Must in all haste *Plantaginet* be made ;
 Thus that ambitious duke sets all on worke,
 To sound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*,
 Whilst he abroad dost practise to command,
 And makes vs weake by strengthning *Ireland* ;
 More his owne power still seeking to increase,
 Then for king *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
 Great *Winchester* vntimely is deceasde,
 That more and more my woes should be increasde.
Beuford, whose shoulders proudly bare vp all
 The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall.
 The Commons (bent to mischief) neuer let,
 With Fraunce t'vpbraid that valiant *Sommerfet*,
 Rayling in tumults on his souldiers losse,

V 2

Thus

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Thus all goes backward, crosse comes after crosse,
And now of late duke *Humfries* old alies,
With banisht *Elnors* base complices,
Attending their reuenge grow wondrous croufe,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house ;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee *Poole*, haue care how thou doost passe,
Neuer the Sea yet halfe so dangerous was ;
And one foretolde by *Water* thou shouldst die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And euery night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe see thee tosst in dangerous streames ;
And oft-times shipwrackt, cast vpon the land,
And lying breathlesse on the queachy sand ;
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
Where thou at Sea maintainst a dangerous fight ;
And with thy proued target and thy sword,
Beatst backe the pyrate which would come aboard.
Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The truest loue is most suspitious,
Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieve,
But hope forbids vs sorrowre to belieue ;
And in my counsell yet this comfort is,
It can not hurt, although I thinke amisse,
Then liue in hope in triumph to returne,
When cleerer dayes shall leaue in cloudes to mourne,
But so hath sorrow girt my foule about,
That that word *Hope* (me thinks) comes slowly out ;
The reason is, I know it heere vvould rest,
Where it vvould still behold thee in my breast.

Fare-

Farewell sweete *Pole*, faine more *I* would indite,
But that my teares doe blot as *I* do write.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

Or brings in Burgoyne to ayde Lancaster.

Phillip Duke of Burgoyne and his sonne, were alwaies great fauorites of the house of Lancaster, howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and Yorke.

*Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends.*

The chiefe Lords of the North parts, in the time of *Henry* the sixt, withstood the Duke of Yorke at his rising, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

*To that allegiance Yorke was bound by oth
To Henries heires, and safety of vs both,
No longer now he meanes Records shall beare it,
He will dispence with heauen, and will vnswear it.*

The Duke of Yorke at the death of *Henry* the fift, and at this Kings coronation, tooke his oth to be true subiect to him and his heires for euer; but afterward dispenfing therewith, claimed the crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three sonnes faile, shes he make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke had foure sonnes, *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when he had deposed *Henry* the sixt, and *Edmund* Earle of Rutland, slaine by the Lord *Clifford* at the battel at Wakefield: and *George* Duke of Clarence, that was murdered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of Gloster, who was (after he had murdered his brothers sonnes) King by the name of *Richard* the third.

*He that's so like his Dam, her yongest Dicke,
That foule illfaured crookeback'd Stigmaticke, &c.
Till this verbe, As though be got an age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironically she heere calls *Dicke*) that by

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

treason after his Nephewes murdered, obtained the crowne, was a man low of stature, crooke-back'd, the left shoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and fower countenance : his mother could not be deliuered of him, hee was borne toothd, & with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

To ouershadov our vermilian Rose.

The red Rose was the badge of the house of Lancaster, and the white Rose of *Yorke*, which by the marriage of *Henry* the seauenth, with *Elisabeth* indubitate heire of the house of *Yorke*, was happily vnited.

Or who will mussell that unruly beare.

The Earle of Warwicke, the setter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the white Beare rampant, and the ragged staffe.

*My Daisie flower which erst perfumde the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes once did weare, &c.*

The Daisie in French is called *Margaret*, which was Queene *Margarets* badge, where-withall the Nobilitie and chiuallrie of the Land, at the first arriuall were so delighted, that they wore it in their hats in token of honour.

And who be starres but Warwikes bearded staues.

The ragged or bearded staffe, was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwicke.

Slandring Duke Rayner with base beggery.

Rayner Duke of Aniou, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ierusalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from those parts, and was not able at the marriage of the Queene, of his owne charges, to send her into England, though he gaue no dow-er with her: which by the Dutchesse of Gloucester, was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

A Kentish rebell, a base vpsstart groome.

This was *Iacke Cade*, which caused the Kentish-men to rebell in the 28. yeere of King *Henry* the sixth.

*And this is he the white Rose must prefer,
By Clarence daughter match'd to Mortimer.*

This *Iacke Cade* instructed by the Duke of *Yorke*, pretended to be descended from *Mortimer*, which married Lady *Phillip*, daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And

And makes vs weake by strengthning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke being made Deputy of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, strengthning himselfe by all meanes possible, that hee might at his returne into England by open warre, claime that which so long he had priuily gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester vntimely is deceasde.

Henry Beuford, Bishop and Cardinall of Winchester, sonne to *John of Gaunt*, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene and the Duke of Suffolke, continually heaping vp innumerable treasure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himselfe on his death-bed confessed.

With France l'opbraide the valiant Somerset.

Edmund Duke of Somerset, in the 24. of *Henry* the sixth, was made Regent of France, and sent into Normandie to defend the English territories against the French inuasions, but in short time he lost all that King *Henry* the fifth won, for which cause the Nobles and Commons euer after hated him.

T'endure these stormes with wofull Buckingham.

Hunfrey Duke of Buckingham, was a great fauorite of the Queenes faction, in the time of *Henry* the sixth.

And one fore-told, by water thou shouldst die.

The Witch of Eye, receiued answer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolke should take heede of water: which the Queene forwarnes him of, as remembering the Witches prophecie, which afterwards came to passe.

Finis.



To the Right Worshipfull Sir

Thomas Munfon, Knight

* *

SIR, amongst many which most deseruedly loue you, though I the least, yet am loth to be the last, whose endeouours may make knowne how highly they esteeme of your noble and kinde disposition; Let this Epistle Sir (I beseech you) which unworthily weares the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my seale with the rest, (though much lesse deseruing) which for your sake, doe honour the house of the Mounfons. I know true generositie accepteth what is zealously offred, though not euer deseruingly excellent; yet for loue of the Art from whence it receiueth resemblance. The light Phrigian harmony stirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth passion; both haue their motion in the spirit, as the liking of the soule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, shall giue some life to my Muse, which yet hovers in the uncertaintie of the generall censure.

Mich: Drayton.

Edward the fourth to Shores wife.

The Argument.

This Mistris Shore, King Edward the fourths beauteous Paramore, was so called of her husband a Gold-smith, dwelling in Lombard streete. Edward the fourth, sonne to Richard Duke of Yorke, after he had obtained the crowne by deposing Henry the sixth, (which Henry was after murdered in the Tower by Richard Crookebacke) and after the battell fought at Barnet, where the famous Earle of Warwicke was slaine, and that King Edward quietly possessed the Crowne, hearing (by report of many) the rare and wonderfull beautie of the aforesaid Shores wife, commeth himselfe disguised to London to see her; where after he had once beheld her, he was so surpris'd with her admirable beautie, as not long after he robbed her husband of his dearest icwell; but first by this Epistle he writeth unto her.

VNto the fair'st that euer breath'd this ayre,
 From English *Edward* to that fairest faire,
 Ah would to God thy title were no more,
 That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
 To countermand a Monarchs high desire,
 And bar mine eyes of what they most admire.
 O why should Fortune make the Citty prowde,
 To giue that more then is the Court allow'd?
Where

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Where they like (wretches) hoard it vp to spare,
And do engrosse it, as they do their ware.
When fame first blaz'd thy beautie heere in Court,
Mine eares repulsde it as a light report.
But when mine eyes sawe that mine eare had heard,
They thought report too nigardly had sparde ;
And strooken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then she had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is possesse,
When *I* enuie that *Shore* should be so blest ;
When much abundance makes the needie mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had.
Into fooles bosomes this good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in the whilst the miser sleepes.
If now thy beautie be of such esteeme,
Which all of so rare excellencie deeme,
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Where it adorned with a kingly state ?
Which being now but in so meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in lead,
E're it be fet in some high-prized ring,
Or garnished with rich enamiling ;
We see the beauty of the stone is spilt,
Wanting the gracious ornament of guilt.
When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to see thee, in a strange disguise,
Passing thy shop, thy husband calls me backe,
Demanding what rare Jewell I did lacke :
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And (one I feare) thou wilt not let me haue ;
He calls for Caskets forth, and shewes me store,
But

But yet *I* knew he had one jewell more ;
 And deadly curst him that he did denie it,
 That *I* might not for loue or mony buy it.
 O might *I* come a Diamond to buy,
 That had but such a lustre as thine eye.
 Would not my treasure serue, my Crowne should go,
 If any jewell could be prized so ;
 An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
 A Saphire, but so azurde as thy veines ;
 My kingly Scepter onely should redeeme it,
 At such a price if iudgement could esteeme it.
 How fond and sencelesse be those strangers then,
 VVho bring in toyes to please the Englishmen ?
I smile to thinke how fond th'*Italians* are,
 To iudge their artificiall gardens rare,
 VVhen London in thy cheeks can shew them heere,
 Roses and Lillies growing all the yeere :
 The Portugall, that onely hopes to win,
 By bringing stones from farthest *India* in,
 VVhen happy *Shore* can bring them forth a girle,
 Whose lips be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
 How silly is the Polander and Dane,
 To bring vs Cristall from the frozen maine ?
 When thy cleere skins transparence doth surpasse
 Their Christall, as the Diamond doth glasse.
 The foolish French which brings in trash and toyes,
 To turne our women, men, our girles to boyes,
 When with what tire thou doost thy selfe adorne,
 That for a fashion onely shall be worne ;
 Which though it were a garment but of haire,
 More rich then robe that euer Empresse ware.

Me

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Methinks thy husband takes his marke awry,
To set his plate to sale when thou art by ;
When they which do thy Angel-locks behold,
Like basest drosse do but respect his gold,
And with one haire before that massie heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape ;
And for no cause else, hold we gold so deare,
But that it is so like vnto thy haire,
And sure I thinke *Shore* cannot choose but flowt,
Such as would finde the great Elixar out,
And laugh to see the Alchimists, that choke
Themselues with fumes, & waste their wealth in smoke.
When if thy hand but touch the grossest mold,
It is conuerted to refined gold,
When theirs is chafferd at an easie rate,
Vvell knowne to all to be adulterate ;
And is no more when it by thine is set,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized jeat.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeete,
If there were none, thou could'st make all things sweet.
Thou comfort'st sence, and yet all sence dost waste,
To heare, to see, to smell, to feele, to taste ;
Thou a rich ship, whose very refuse ware,
Aromatickes, and pretious odors are.
If thou but please to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whitenes of the same wouldst proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue ;
And those which buy, as the beholders stand,
Will take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand ;
A thousand eyes, close vp by enuious night,

Doe

Do vvish for day, but to enioy thy fight ;
And vvhen they once haue blest their eies vvith thee,
Scorne euery obieſt elſe, vvhat ere they ſee,
So like a goddeſſe beauty ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch povverfull vvorking in our ſoules.
The Merchant vvhich in traffike ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a dainty vvife,
The blunt-ſpoke Cynicke poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at beauty loues to looke.
The church-man, by whoſe teaching wee are led,
Allovvves what keepes loue in the marriage bed ;
The bloody Souldier ſpent in armes and broiles,
With beautie yet content to ſhare his ſpoiles ;
The buſie Lavvyer wrangling in his pleas ;
Findeth that Beauty giues his labour eaſe ;
The toying tradef-man, and the sweating clowne,
Wold haue his wench faire, thogh his bread be brown ;
So much is Beauty pleaſing vnto all,
To Prince and peaſant like in generall ;
For neuer yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too deere, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artleſſe be all Artes,
If not imployde to praife thy ſeuerall partes ;
Poore plodding Schoolemen they are farre too lowe,
Which by probations, rules, and axiomes goe ;
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the ſkies,
Which notes the reuolutions of thine eies :
And by that ſkill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties all, thy waſte, thy foote, thy hand,
VVhere he may find, the more that hee doth view,
Such rare delights as are both ſtrange and new ;
And

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which neuer were discovered before ;
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vſing alone Arithmetickes ſtrong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when theſe all haue done what they can doo,
For thy perfections all too little too.
When from the Eaſt the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to ſeeke thee all the world about,
Within thy Chamber hath ſhe fixt her light,
Where but that place the world hath all beene night ;
Then is it fit that every vulgar eie,
Should ſee Loue banquet in her maieſtie ?
We deeme thoſe things our ſight doſt moſt frequent,
To be but meane, although moſt excellent ;
For ſtrangers ſtill the ſtreetes are ſwept and ſtrowd,
Few looke on ſuch as daily come abroad ;
Things much reſtraind, doth make vs much deſire thē,
And beauties ſeldome ſeene, makes vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a cittie ſhop ſhould hide,
The worlds delight and natures onely pride,
But in a Princes ſumptuous gallery.
Hung all with tiſſue, floorde with tapeſtrie ;
Where thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy ſtate ſhalt ſee,
The tiltes and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou liſt to proue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a kingly loue ;
And when thou findeſt, as now thou doubtſt the troth,
Be thou thy ſelfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
Where hearts be knit, what helps if not enioy ?
Delayes

Delayes breedes doubts, no cunning to be coy.
 Whilst lazie Time his turne by tariance serues,
 Loue still growes sickly, and hope dayly sterues,
 Meane while receiue that warrant by these lines,
 Which princely rule and foueraintie refignes :
 Till when, these papers by their Lords commaund,
 By me shall kisse thy sweete and daintie hand.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

THIS Epistle of *Edward* to *Shores* wife, and of hers to him, being of vnlawfull affection, ministreth small occasion of historicall notes, for had he mentioned the many battels betwixt the Lancasterian faction and him, or other warlike daungers, it had beene more like to *Plautus* boasting Souldier then a kingly Courtier. Notwithstanding, it shall not be amisse to annexe a line or two.

From English Edward to the fairest faire,

Edward the fourth was by nature very chinalrous, and very amorous, applying his sweet & amiable aspect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was so well knowne to *Lewes* the French king, who at their interuiew inuited him to Paris, that as *Comineus* reports, being taken at his word, hee notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames with their witty conuersation, would detaine him longer then should bee for his benefit, by which means *Edward* was disapointed of his iorny: and albeit Princes whilst they liue, haue nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flatterie of the Court in those times: for certaine it is, that his shape was excellent, his haire drew neare to a black, making his face fauor to seeme more delectable. Though the smalnes of his eies full of a shining moisture, as it tooke away some comelineffe; so it argued much sharpnes of vnderstanding, and cruelty mingled together. And indeed *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him and other Princes
 of

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

of those times, with affectation of tyranny, as *Richard* the third manifestly did.

When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes,

Edwards intemperate desires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his of-spring were punished, is vniuersally knowne. A mirrour representing their ouersight, that rather leaue their children what to possesse, than what to imitate.

How seely is the Polander and Dane,

To bring vs Crystall from the frozen maine.

Alluding to their opinions, who imagin Crystall to be a kind of Ice, and therefore it is likely, they who come from the frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame colde. Whether Crystall be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall, there may be such an induration; for *Solinus* out of *Plinie* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Region, a yellow jelly is taken vp out of the sea at two tides, which he calls *Succinum*, we Amber; so likewise, out of the Ligusticke deepe, a part of the Meridian Sea, a greenish stalk is gathered, which hardened in the ayre, becomes to be Corall, either white, or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees, as appears by *Martials* Epigram.

Et lacet, & lucet Phaethonide condita gutta,

Vt videatur apis nectare clausa suo,

Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum,

Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mors.

To behold a Bee inclosed in Electrum, is not so rare as that a boyes throat should be cut with the fal of an Ice-ficle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. li. 4. He calls it *Phaethontis Gutta*, because of that fable which *Ouid* rehearseth, concerning the *Heliades* or *Phaelons* sisters, metamorphosed into those trees, whose Gum is Amber, where flies alighting, are often times tralucently imprisoned.

¶ The

¶ The Epistle of Shores wife to
king Edward the fourth.

AS the weake child, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At every strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his maisters curious listning eare ;
Whose trembling hand, at every straine bewraies.
In what doubt he his new set lesson plaies ;
As this poore child, so sit I to indite,
At every word still quaking as I write.
VVould I had led an humble shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Countrie fields that range,
Nor seene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes,
Oft haue I heard my beautie praisd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any ;
A Princes Eagle eye to find out that,
Which vulgar sights do seldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some thing exquisite.
To housed beautie, seldome stoop's report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
VVhat Swan of great *Apollos* brood doth sing

X

To

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

To vulgar loue, in courtly Sonetting ?
Or what immortall Poets sugred pen,
Attends the glory of a Cittizen ?
Oft haue I wondred what should blinde your eye,
Or what so far seduced Maiesty,
That hauing choice of beauties so diuine,
Amongst the most to choose this least of mine ?
More glorious sunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beside ;
Who takes in hand to make account of this,
May number Rumneys flowers, or Isis fish ;
Who doth frequent our Temples, walkes, and streets
Noting the sundry beauties that he meetes,
Thinke not that Nature left the wide world poore
And made this place the Chequer of her store :
As heauen and earth were lately false at iarres,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping starres.
That if but some one beautie should incite,
Some sacred Muse, some rauisht spirit to write,
Heere might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages should his lines admire ;
Gathering the honny from the choifest flowers,
Scorning the wither'd weedes in Country bowers.
Heere in this garden (onely) springs the Rose,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes,
Nor are we so turnde Neapolitan,
That might incite some fowle-mouth *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iust cause to raile vpon our sexe ;
To prancke old wrinckles vp in new attire,
To alter Natures course, proue Time a lier,

Abu-

Abusing fate, and heauens iust doome reuerse,
On beauties graue to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitfull foile to lay a ground,
To make a glasse to seeme a Diamond.
Nor cannot without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantafticke French to imitate,
Attirde halfe Spanish, halfe Italianate ;
Nor waft, nor curle, body nor brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boasts how witleffe fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignitie ?
And what though married when I was but yong,
Before I knew what did to loue belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the roome,
Cropt beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away enriched with the store,
Whilst others gleane, where he hath reapt before ;
And he dares sweare that I am true and iust,
And shall I then deceiue his honest trust ?
Or what strange hope should make you to affaile,
Where strongest battery neuer could preuaile ?
Belike you thinke that I repulst the rest,
To leaue a King the conquest of my breast,
Or haue thus long preferude my selfe from all,
A Monarch now should glory in my fall.
Yet rather let me die the vildest death,
Then liue to draw that sinne-polluted breath ;
But our kind hearts mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide ;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,

X 2

And

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

And nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to speake, to sue, and to forbear,
By signes, by sighs, by motions, and by tears, (praiers,
When vows shuld serue, when oths, when smiles, when
What one delight our humors most doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nourish loue.
If any naturall blemish blot our face,
You doe protest it giues our beautie grace,
And what attire we most are vsde to weare,
That of all other excellentst you sweare.
And if vve vualke, or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one deitie,
And vvhat you knovve vve take delight to heare,
That are you euer founding in our eare ;
And yet so shamelesse vvhen you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on beautie, and on vs.
Romes vvanton *Ouid* did those rules impart,
O that your nature should be helpt vvith Arte.
Who vvould haue thoght, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforcde by loue, so Poet-like should faine ?
To say that Beauty, Times sterne rage to shunne,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne ;
And vvhen she meant to triumph in her Maie,
Made that her East, and heere she broke her day,
And swearst that summer still is in my sight,
And but vvhere I am, all the vvorld is night ;
As though the fairst, ere since the vvorld beganne,
To me a Sunne-burnt base Egyptian ;
But yet I knovve more than I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well)

That

That women oft their most admirers raise,
Though publicly not flattering their owne praise.
Our churlish husbands which our youth enioy'd,
Who with our dainties haue their stomackes cloyd,
Do lothe our smooth hand with their lips to feele,
T'enrich our fauours, by our beds to kneele ;
At our command to waite, to fend, to goe,
As euery howre our amorous seruants doe ;
Which makes a stolne kisse often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe ;
When he all day torments vs with a frowne,
Yet sports with *Venus* in a bed of dowlne ;
Whose rude embracement, but too ill befeemes
Her span-broad waste, her white and dainty limmes,
And yet still preaching abstinence of meate,
When hee himselfe of euery dish will eate.
Blame you our husbands then, if they denie
Our publike walking, our loose libertie ;
If with exception still they vs debar,
The circuite of the publike Theater ;
To heare the smooth-tongued Poets Syren vaine,
Sporting in his lasciuious Comicke scene ;
Or the young wanton wits, when they applawd
The flie perswasions of some subtile Bawd,
Or passionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-sicke passion on the stage :
When though abroad restraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward grieve,
Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a theeefe.
What sports haue we whereon our mindes to set ?

X 3 Our

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Our dogge, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet ;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field,
Small is the pleasure that those toyes do yielde,
But to this griefe, a medicine you applie,
To cure restraint with that sweete libertie ;
And foueraignty, (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promise of a King ;
And more, that honour which doth most intice
The holiest Nunne, and she that's ne're so nice.
Thus still we strue, yet ouer-come at length,
For men want mercy, and poore women strength :
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause *Shore* pleaseth not my sight,
That his embraces giue me no delight ;
Thou art the cause I to my selfe am strange,
Thy comming is my full, thy fet my change.
Long winter nights be minutes, if thou heere,
Short minutes if thou absent be a yeere.
And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
And mak'st me loue euen in the midst of hate.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

*Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores admired wife.*

TWO or three Poemes written by sundry men, haue magnified this womans beautie ; whom that ornament of England and Londons more particular glory, Sir *Thomas Moore* very highly hath praised for her beautie, she being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her stature was meane, her haire of a
dar

dark yellow, her face round & full, her eie gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, & each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich mantle cast vnder one arme ouer her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly known; but *Shore* a yong man of right good person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the third causing her to do open penance in *Pauls Church-yard*, commaunded that no man should relieue her, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred of sinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treason the more cunningly.

May number Rumneys flowers, or Isis fish.

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side lie a Haven towne dooth stand. Hereof the excellent English Antiquarie *Maister Camden*, and *Maister Lambert* in his preambulation doe make mention. And Marshes are commonly called those low grounds, which abut vpon the sea, and from the Latine word are so denominated. *Isis* is heere vsed for *Thamesis* by a Synecdochicall kind of speech, or by a Poeticall libertie, in vsing one for another: for it is said that *Thamesis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Isis* making when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a Cittle much more renowned then that water: which being plentifulfull of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perswaded, that there is no riuer in the world beholds more stately buildings on either side cleane through, then the *Thames*. Much is reported of the *Graund Canale* in *Venice*, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

That might intice some foule-mouth'd Mantuan,

Mantuan a pastorall Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueth agaynst woman-kind, some of the which by way of an Appendix, might be heere inserted, seeing the fantasticke and insolent humours of many of that sexe deferue much sharper phisicke were it not that they are growne wiser then to amend, for

X 4 fuch

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*, yea or for *Euripides* himselfe, or *Senecas* inflexible *Hippolitus*.

The circuite of the publike Theater.

Ouid, a most fit Author for so desolute a Sectary, calls that place Chastities shipwracke, for though *Shores* wife wantonly pleade for liberty, which is the true humour of a Curtizan, yet much more is the praise of modesty, then of such libertie. Howbeit the Vestall Nunnes had seates assigned them in the Roman Theater, whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modestie, though they offending therein, were buried quicke: a sharpe law for them, who may say as *Shores* wife doth.

*When though abroad restraining us to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home.*

FINIS.

To



To the right VVorshipfull Sir
Henry Goodere of Powlesworth
Knight.

SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at London in Maie last, brought at length to perfection, (emboldned by your wonted fauours) I aduenture to make you Patron of. Thus Sir you see I haue aduentured to the world, with what like or dislike, I know not, if it please, (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I shall esteeme not my least good; if dislike, it shall lessen some part of my griepe, if it please you to allow but of my loue : howsoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many protestations, yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honour. Thus untill such time as I may in some more larger measure, make knowne my loue to the happy and generous familie of the Gooderes, (to which I confesse my selfe to be beholding to, for the most part of my education) I wish you all happineffe.

Michael Drayton.

*Mary the French Queene, to
Charles Brandon, Duke of
Suffolke.*

The Argument.

Mary, the daughter of that renowned Prince King Henry the seauenth, being very yong at her fathers deathe, after by her brother King Henry the eight, was giuen in marriage to Lewes King of France, being a man olde and decrepit: This faire and beautiful Lady, long afore had placed her affection on Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolke, a braue and couragious yong Gentleman, and an especiall fauorite of the King her brother, and a man raised up by him. King Lewes, the husband of this beautifull Queene, liued not long after he was married; and Charles Brandon hauing commifsion from the King to bring her backe into England, but being delaied by some sinister meanes, the French Queene writeth this Epistle, to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to France.

SVch health from heauen myfelfe may wish to mee,
Such health from France, Queene *Mary* sends to
Brandon, how long mak'ft thou excuse to stay, (thee.
And know'ft how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkinde) what would an Ocean do?

Leander

Leander had an Hellespont to swim,
 Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him ?
 His barke (poore soule) his breast, his armes, his oares,
 But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores ;
 And opposite to famous Kent doth lie,
 The pleafant fields of flowrie Picardie,
 VVhere our faire Callice, walled in her sands,
 In kenning of the cliffie Douer stands.
 Heere is no Beldame Nurfe to powt or lower,
 VVhen wantoning, we reuell in my Tower ;
 Nor neede *I* top my Turret with a light,
 To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by night ;
 Comparde with me, wert thou but halfe so kinde,
 Thy sighs should stufte thy failes, though wanting
 But thy breast is becalmd, thy sighs be slacke, (wind;
 And mine too stiffe, and blow thy broad failes backe.
 But thou wilt say that I should blame the flood,
 Because the winde so full against thee stood ;
 Nay, blame it not it did so roughly blow,
 For it did chide thee, for thou wast so slow ;
 For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
 But came from me to bid thee come away.
 But that thou vainely lett'st occasion slide,
 Thou mightst haue wasted hether with the tide.
 If when thou com'st, *I* knit mine angry brow,
 Blame me not *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy vow ;
 Yet if I meant to frowne, *I* might be dombe,
 For this may make thee stand in doubt to come :
 Nay come sweete *Charles*, haue care thy ship to guide,
 Come my sweete hart, in faith *I* will not chide.
 VVhenas my brother and his louely Queene

In

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

In sad attire for my depart were seene,
The vtmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'ft what woe I suffered for thy sake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take ;
God and thou know'ft with what a heauie hart
I tooke my farewell when I should depart ;
And being ship'd, gaue signall with my hand,
Vp to the Cliffe, where I did see thee stand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cried to thee, sweete *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little infant that hath lost,
The things wherewith it was delighted most,
Weary with seeking, to some corner creepes,
And there (poore soule) it sits it downe and weepes ;
And when the Nurse would faine content the mind,
Yet still it mournes for that it cannot find :
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
Whenas the ship out of the roade did flie.
Think'ft thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
VVhen yong *Castile* to England su'd for mee ?
Be iudge thy selfe, if it were not of power,
VVhen I refus'd an Empire for my dover.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in Fraunce didst reuell with the king,
When he in triumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canapie,
Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling stand,
To beg for mercie at his conquering hand ;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd ?
But see, this calme vvas suddenly destroy'd,

When

When *Charles* of *Castile* there to banquet came,
 With him his sister that ambitious dame,
Sauoyes proud dutchesse, knowing how long she,
 By her loue fought to win my loue from me ;
 Fearing my absence might thy vowes acquite,
 To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
 When in king *Henries* tent of cloth of gold,
 She often did thee in her armes enfold ;
 Where you were feasted more deliciously,
 Than *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthony*,
 Where sports all day did entertaine your sight,
 And then in maskes you passe away the night ;
 But thou wilt say, tis proper vnto vs,
 That we by nature all are iealous.
 I must confesse tis oft found in our sex,
 But who not loue, not any thing suspects :
 True loue dooth looke with pale suspitious eie,
 Take away loue, if you take iealousie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* tooke,
 For this great change who then did euer looke ?
 When *Maximilian* to those warres addrest,
 Ware Englands Crosse on his imperiall breast,
 And in our armie let his Eagle flie,
 That viewd our ensignes with a wondring eie.
 Little thought I when *Bullen* first was wonne,
 VVedlocke should end, what angry warre begunne.
 From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
 But this alone by *Wolfeis* wit was wrought.
 To his aduise the King gaue free consent,
 That will I, nill I, I must be content.
 My virgins right, my state could not aduance,

But

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

But now enriched with the dower of France ;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Dutchesse had I beene,
Now, the great Dowager, the most Christian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy grieffe doth lie,
Lewes of France had my virginitie ;
He had indeede, but shall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me *Brandon* he had scarcely that ;
Good feeble King, he could not do much harme,
But age must needes haue something that is warme ;
Small drops (God knowes) do quench that heatlesse
When all the strength is onely in desire. (fire,
And *I* could tell (if modesty might tell)
There's somewhat else that pleaseth louers well,
To rest his cheeke, vpon my softer cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not seeke.
So might the little babie clip the nurse,
And it content, she neuer awhit the worfe ;
Then thinke this *Brandon*, if that makes thee frowne,
For maydenhead, he on my head set a Crowne,
Who would exchange a kingdome for a kisse ?
Hard were the hart that would not yeeld him this ;
And time yet halfe so swiftly doth not passe,
Not full fise months yet elder than I was.
When thou to Fraunce conducted was by fame,
With many knights which from all countries came,
Installed at Saint *Dennis* in my throne,
Where *Lewes* held my coronation ;
Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take ;
Whenas the staues vpon thy caske did light,
Griued therewith, I turnd away my fight ;

And

And spake alowd, when *I* my selfe forgot,
T'is my sweete *Charles* my *Brandon*, hurt him not :
But when *I* fearde the King perceiued this,
Good feely man, *I* pleasde him with a kisse ;
And to extoll his valiant sonne began.
That Europe neuer bred a brauer man ;
And when (poore King) he simply praised thee,
Of all the rest *I* ask'd which thou shouldst bee ?
Thus *I* with him dissembled for thy sake,
Open confession now amends must make.
Whilst this old King vpon a pallet lies,
And onely holds a combat with mine eyes ;
Mine eyes from his, by thy fight stolne away,
Which might too wel their Mistres thoughts bewray.
But when *I* saw thy prowde vnconquered Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of France,
To see what pleasure did my soule imbrace,
Might easily be discerned in my face.
Looke as the dew vpon a damaske Rose,
How through that liquide pearle his blushing showes,
And when the soft aire breathes vpon his top,
From the sweet leaues falles easily drop by drop ;
Thus by my cheeke, distilling from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, anothers roome supplies.
Before mine eie (like touch) thy shape did proue,
Mine eie condemn'd my too too partiall loue ;
But since by others *I* the same doe trie,
My loue condemnes my too too partiall eie.
The pretious stone most beautifull and rare,
When with it selfe we onely doe compare,
Wee deeme all other of that kinde to be,

As

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

As excellent as that we onely see ;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eie,
Which then appeares more orient and more bright,
As from their dimnesse borrowing great light.
Alanfoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou arte adorn'd withall ;
Vandon, good carriage, and a pleasing eie,
Yet hath not *Suffolkes* princely maiestie ;
Couragious *Burbon* a sweete manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Prowd *Longaule*, our Court iudge had no peere,
A man scarcemade (was thoght) whilst thou wast here.
County S. Paule, brau't man at armes in *Fraunce*,
Would yeeld himselfe a Squire to beare thy launce;
Galleas and *Bounearme*, matchlesse for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue cowcht in fight.
If with our loue, my brother angry be,
Ile say to please him, I first fancied thee.
And but to frame my liking to his minde,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe so kinde.
Worthy my loue the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian :
Nor thinke that my affection should be set,
But in the line of great *Plantaginet*.
I passe not what the idle Commons say,
I pray thee *Charles* make haste and come away.
To thee whats England, if I be not there ?
Or what to me is *Fraunce*, if thou not here ?
Thy absence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy presence I must needfly smile,

When

When last of me his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
 He sware an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
 He would make hast, which now thou doo'st denie :
 Thou art forsworne, & wilfull periurie !
 Sooner vvould I vvith greater sinnes dispence,
 Then by entreatie pardon this offence.
 But yet *I* thinke, if *I* should come to shriue thee,
 Great were the fault that *I* should not forgiue thee ;
 Yet wert thou heere, *I* should reuenged bee,
 But it should be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou shalt feare to tast,
I pray thee *Brandon* come, sweete *Charles* make hast.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

*The vtmost date expired of my stay,
 When I for Douer did depart away.*

King *Henry* the 8. with the Queene and Nobles, in the 6. yeare
 of his raigue, in the moneth of September, brought this *Ladie*
 to Douer, where she tooke shipping for Fraunce.

*Think'st thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
 When yong Castile to England su'd for me.*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt *Henry* the seuenth, and
Philip King of Castile, sonne to *Maximilian* the Emperour, that
Charles eldest sonne of the said *Philip*, should marry the *Ladie*
Mary, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age : which
 agreement was afterward in the eight yeare of *Henry* the eight
 annihilated.

*When he in triumph of his victorie,
 Vnder a rich embroidered Canapie,
 Entred proud Turney which did trembling stand. &c.*

Y

Henry

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Henry the 8. after the long siege of Turnay, which was delineated to him vpon composition, entred the Citie in triumph, vnder a Canapie of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and most noble Cittizens; the king himselfe mounted vpon a gallant courser barbed with the Armes of England, France and Ireland.

*When Charles of Castile there to banquet came,
With him his syster, that ambitious Dame.
Sauoys proud Dutches,*

The King being at Turnay, there came to him the Prince of Castile, and the Lady *Margaret* Dutches of Sauoy his syster, to whom King *Henry* gaue great entertainment.

*Sauoys proud Dutches, knowing how long shee
By her loue sought to win my loue from mee.*

At this time there was speech of a marriage to be concluded, betweene *Charles Brandon* then Lord *Lisle*, and the Dutches of Sauoy, the Lord *Lisle* being highly fauoured, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

When in King Henries Tent of cloth of gold,

The King caused a rich Tent of cloth of gold to bee erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, and the Dutches, and entertained them with sumptuous maskes and banquets during their aboad.

*When Maximillian to those wars addrest
Wore Englands Crosse on his imperiall breast.*

Maximillian the Emperour with all his souldiers, which serued vnder king *Henry*, wore the Crosse of *S. George* with the Rose on their breasts.

And in our Armie let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the badge imperiall, which here is vsed for the displaying of his ensigne or standard.

And had his pay from Henries treasure.

Henry the 8. at his wars in France, retained the Emperor & al his souldiers in wages, which serued vnder him during those warres.

But this alone by Wolseys wit was wrought,

Thomas Wolsey, the kings Almoner, then Bishop of Lincolne, a man of great authoritie with the king, and afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cause that the Lady *Mary* was married to the old French

French King, with whom the French had dealt vnder-hand to befriend him in that match.

*When the proud Dolphin for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his Princely part to take.*

Frauncis Duke of Valoyes, and Dolphin of Fraunce, at the marriage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour thereof proclaimed a Iusts, where he chose the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques Dorset for his aydes, at all martiall exercises.

Galeas, and Bounarme, matchlesse for their might,

This Countie *Galeas* at the Iusts ran a course with a speare, which was at the head five inches square on euery side, and at the But nine inches square, wherby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. Thus *Bounarme*, a Gentleman of Fraunce, at the same time came into the field armed at all poyntes with tenne Speares about him: in each stirrop three, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, and putting his horse to the careere, neuer stopped him till he had broken euerie staffe.

Hall.

Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk,
to Mary the French Queene.

BVt that thy faith commaunds me to forbear,
The fault thine owne, if *I* vnpatient were ;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speede,
I should want time thy louing lines to reede,
Heere in the Court, Camelion-like *I* fare,
And as that creature feed, vpon the ayre,
All day *I* waite, and all the night *I* watch,
And starue mine cares to heare of thy dispatch ;
If Douer were th'Abydos of my rest,

Y 2

Or

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Or pleafant Callice were my *Maries* Cest,
Thou shouldst not need, faire Queene, to blame me fo,
Did not the diftance to defire fay no :
No tedious night from trauell should be free,
Till through the waues with swimming vnto thee,
A snowy path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-ftained way
The reftleffe funne by traueilling doth weare,
Paffing his courfe to finifh vp the yeare.
But Paris lockes my loue within the maine,
And London yet my *Brandon* doth detaine,
Of thy firme loue thou putst me ftill in minde,
But of my faith, not one word can I finde.
When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affide,
And thou by him wast made King *Lewes* bride,
How oft I wifht that thou a prize mightst bee,
That I in armes might combate him for thee,
And in the madneffe of my loue diftraught,
A thoufand times his murther haue fore-thought,
But that th'all-feeing powers which fit aboue,
Regard not mad mens oathes, nor faults in loue,
And haue confirmde it by the graunt of heauen,
That Louers finnes on earth should be forgiuen ;
For neuer man is halfe fo much diftreft,
As he that loues to fee his loue poffeft.
Comming to *Richmond* after thy depart
(*Richmond* where firft thou stolft away my heart)
Me thought it lookt not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne and defolate,
In whofe faire walkes thou often haft bin feene,
To fport with *Katharine*, *Henries* beauteous Queene,
Afto-

Astonishing sad winter with thy sight,
 As for thy sake, the day had put backe night ;
 That the small birds, as in the pleasant spring,
 Forgot themselues, and haue begun to sing :
 So oft I go by Thames, so oft returne,
 Me thinkes for thee the riuer yet doth mourne,
 Who I haue seene to let her streame at large,
 Which like a hand-maid waited on thy Barge ;
 And if thou hapst against the flood to row,
 Which way it ebd, it presently would flow,
 Weeping in drops vpon thy laboring oares,
 For ioy that it had got thee from the shoares.
 The Swans with musicke that the Roothers make,
 Ruffing their plumes, come gliding on the lake,
 As the flecte Dolphins by *Arions* strings,
 Were brought to land with their sweete rauishings,
 The flockes and heirdes that pasture neere the flood,
 To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
 And sate downe sadly mourning by the brim,
 That they by nature were not made to swim.
 Whenas the Post to Englands royall Court,
 Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
 How in a storme thy well rigd ships were toft,
 And thou thy selfe in danger to be lost,
 I knew twas *Venus* loath'd that aged bed,
 Where beautie so should be dishonoured ;
 Or fearde the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the lake,
 If thou but seene, their Goddesse should forsake.
 And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
 To view the Nauie now in lanching out,
 Her ayrie mantle loosely doth vnbinde,

Y 3

Which

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Which fanning forth a rougher gale of winde,
Wafted thy failes with speede vnto the land,
And runnes thy ship on Bullins harboring strand.
How should I ioy of thy arriue to heare?
But as a poore sea-faring passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-torne and wrack'd,
By some vnprising Pirat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Enriched with invaluable store,
For which he long hath trauailed before.
When thou to *Abuile* heldst th'appointed day,
We heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way;
Where thou in glittering Tissue strangely dight,
Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of light,
In cloth of siluer all thy virgin traine,
In beautie sumptuous as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the formost glorious star,
Which lead'ft the teame of that great Wagoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I do thinke,
When thine eyes tasted what mine eares did drinke?
A cripple King laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy comming crept out of the doore,
T'was well he rid, he had no legs to goe,
But this thy beautie forc'd his body to;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vse thy beautie as the miser gold,
Which hoards it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a ialous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vfurie;

O

O Sacriledge (if beautie be diuine)
 The prophane hand shuld touch the halowed shrine.
 To surfet sicknesse on the sound mans diet,
 To rob content, yet still to liue vnquiet ;
 And hauing all, to be of all beguild,
 And yet still longing like a little child.
 When Marques *Dorset* and the valiant *Graies*,
 To purchase fame first crost the narrow Seas,
 With all the Knights that my associates went,
 In honour of thy nuptiall turnament ;
 Thinkst thou *I* ioy'd not in thy beauties pride,
 When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride ?
 Where all the streetes as thou didst pace along,
 With Arras, Bisse, and Tapestry were hung ;
 Ten thousand gallant Cittizens prepar'd,
 In rich attire thy princely selfe to guard ;
 Next them, three thousand choise religious men,
 In golden vestments followed on agen ;
 And in procession as they came along,
 With *Hymeneus* sang thy marriage song.
 Then five great Dukes as did their places fall,
 To each of these, a princely Cardinall,
 Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot set,
 Crown'd with a rich imperled Coronet,
 Whilst the Persian dames, as thy traine past,
 Their pretious incence in abundance cast.
 As *Cynthia* from the waue-embatteld shrowdes,
 Opening the West, comes streaming through the
 With shining troupes of siluer-trefted stars, (clouds,
 Attending on her as her torch-bearers,
 And all the lesser lights about her throne,

Y 4

With

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

With admiration stand as lookers on ;
Whilst she alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her spheare doth glide,
When on thy tilt my horse like thunder came,
No other signall had I but thy name ;
Thy voyce my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beautie, I esteemde no prize.
That large-limbd Almaine of the Giants race,
Which bare strength on his breast, feare in his face,
Whose sinewde armes, with his steele-temperd blade,
Through plate and male such open passage made,
Vpon whose might the Frenchmens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day ;
Thou sawe'st thy *Brandon* beate him on his knee,
Offering his shield a conquerd spoile to thee.
But thou wilt say perhaps I vainely boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No sacred Queene, my valour I denie,
It was thy beautie, not my chiuallrie ;
One of thy tressed curles which falling downe,
As loth to be imprisoned in thy crowne,
I saw the soft ayre sportiuely to take it,
To diuers shapes and sundry formes to make it,
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twisting it, and then vntwist againe ;
Then make the thrids to dally with thine eye,
A sunny candle for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling downe as though a star had shot,
My vp-turnde eye pursues it with my sight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

Tis

Tis but in vaine of my descent to boast,
 When heauens lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
 Faulcons gaze not, the Eagle sitting by,
 Whose broode furuaies the funne with open eye ;
 Else might my blood finde issue from his force,
 In Bosworth plaine beate *Richard* from his horse,
 Whose puissant armes, great *Richmond* chose towield,
 His glorious colours in that conquering field ;
 And with his sword in his deere Soueraignes fight,
 To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right ;
 Then beauteous Empreffe, thinke this safe delay,
 Shall be the euen to a ioyfull day ;
 Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lie,
 Wife-men must giue place to necessitie ;
 To put backe ill, our good we must forbear,
 Better first feare, then after still to feare.
 T'were ouer-sight in that at which we aime,
 To put the hazard on an after-game ;
 With patience then let vs our hopes attend,
 And till I come, receiue these lines I send.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

When Longaule to Mary was affed.

THE Duke of Longaule, which was prisoner in England vpon the peace to be concluded betweene England and France, was deliuered, and married the Princeesse *Mary*, for *Lewes* the French King his Maister.

*How in a storme thy well rigg'd ships were lost,
 And thou, &c.*

As the Queene sailed for France, a mighty storme arose at sea, so that the Nauy was in great danger, and was seuered, some driuen vpon the coast of Flanders, some on Brittain: the ship wherein

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the hauen of Bullen with very great danger.

When thou to Abuile heldst th'appointed day.

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neere to the Forrest of Arders, and brought her into Abuile with great solemnitie.

Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the Queene & her train, attended by the chiefe of the Nobility of England, with 36. Ladies, al in cloth of siluer, their horses trapped with crimfon veluet.

A cripple King laid bed-rid long before.

King *Lewes* was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the gowt, so that he had long time before little vse of legs.

When Marques Dorset, and the valiant Graies,

The Duke of Suffolke when the proclamation came into England, of iusts to be holden in France at Paris, he for the Queenes sake his Mistris, obtained of the King to go thither: with whom went the Marquesse *Dorset* and his foure brothers, the Lord *Clinton*, Sir *Edward Neuell*, Sir *Giles Chappell*, *Tho: Cheyney*, which went all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride.

A true description of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performed at S. Dennis.

Then five great Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alanfoon, Burbon, Vandome, Longaulle, Suffolke, with five Cardinalls.

That large-lim'd Almaine of the Giants race.

Francis Valois, the Dolphin of France, enuying the glory that the Englishmen had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an Almaine secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at Barriers, but the Duke grappling with him, so beate him about the head with the pumell of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my blood finde issue from his force.

In Bosworth, &c.

Sir *William Brandon* Standard-bearer to the Earle of Richmond, (after *Henry* the 7.) at Bosworth field, a braue and gallant Gentleman, who was slaine by *Richard* there; this was father to this *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.



To my most deere friend Mai-
ster Henry Lucas, sonne to Edward
Lucas Esquire.

*S*IR, to none haue I beene more beholding, then to your
kinde parents, for (I must truly confesse) about the mea-
sure of my deserts: Many there be in England, of whom for
some particularity I might iustly challenge greater merit, had
I not beene borne in so euill an houre, as to be poisoned with
that gaule of ingratitude: to your selfe am I ingaged for
many more curtesies then I imagined could euer haue beene
found in one of so few yeeres: nothing doe I more desire; then
that those hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may
proue so pure in the fruit, as they are faire in the bloome:
long may you liue to their comfort that loue you most, and
may I euer wish you the encrease of all good fortunes.

Yours euer,

Mich: Drayton.

*Henry Howard Earle of Surrey
to Geraldine.*

The Argument.

Henry Howard, *that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in loue with Geraldine, descended of the noble family of the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, a faire and modest Lady, and one of the honourable maides to Queene Katherine Dowager: dorniseth her praises in many excellent Poemes, of rare and sundry inuentions: and after some few yeares being determined to see that famous Italy, the source and Helicon of all excellent Arts; first visiteth that renowned Florence, from whence the Geraldts challenge their descent, from the antient family of the Geraldts; there in honour of his Mistrresse he aduanceth her picture, and challengeth to maintaine her beautie by deedes of Armes, against all that durst appeare in the lists; where after the prooue of his braue and incomparable valour, whose arme crowned her beauty with eternall memory, he writeth this Epistle to his dearest Mistrresse.*

From learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble grandfires came,
To famous England, the kinde nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heauenly Geraldine;
Yet let not *Thuscan* thinke I do her wrong,
That

That I from thence write in my native tongue,
 That in these harsh-tun'd cadences I sing,
 Sitting so neare the Muses sacred spring,
 But rather thinke her selfe adorn'd thereby,
 That England reades the praise of Italie.
 Though to the *Thufcan*, I the smoothnes grant,
 Our dialect no Maiestie doth want,
 To set thy prayfes in as hie a key,
 As Fraunce, or Spaine, or Germanie, or they.
 That day I quit the Fore-land of faire Kent,
 And that my ship her course for Flanders bent ;
 Yet thinke I with how many a heauie looke,
 My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
 And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
 But to conuey me one sigh backe to thee,
 Vp to the decke a billow lightly skips,
 Taking my sigh, and downe againe it slips ;
 Into the gulfe it selfe, it headlong throwes,
 And as a post to England-ward it goes ;
 As I sit wondring how the rough seas stir'd,
 I might farre off perceiue a little bird,
 Which as she faine from shore to shore would flie
 Hath lost her selfe in the broad vastie skie,
 Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
 The seas, of life still gaping to bereaue her ;
 Vnto the ship she makes which she discouers,
 And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
 And when at length her flagging pinion failes
 Panting she hangs vpon the ratling failes,
 And being forc'd to loose her hold with paine,
 Yet beaten off, she straight lights on againe,
 And

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

And toſt with flaws, with ſtorms, with wind, with we-
Yet ſtill departing thence, ſtil turneth thether, (ther,
Now with the poope, now with the prow doth beare,
Now on this ſide, now that, now here, now there,
Me thinkes theſe ſtormes ſhould be my ſad depart,
The feely helpleſſe bird is my poore bart,
The ſhip, to which for ſuccour it repaires,
That is your ſelfe (regardleſſe of my cares)
Of euery ſurge doth fall, or waue doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I ſit and moralize.
When for thy loue I left the Belgicke ſhore,
Diuine *Eraſmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
Whoſe happy preſence gaue me ſuch delight,
As made a minute of a winters night ;
With whom a while I ſtaide at *Roterdame*,
Now ſo renowned by *Eraſmus* name.
Yet euery houre did ſeeme a world of time,
Till I had ſeene that ſoule-reuiuing clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands vnfit,
A watry foyle to clogge a fiery wit ;
And as that wealthy *Germany* I paſt,
Comming vnto the Emperours court at laſt,
Great learnd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art,
Who the infernall ſecrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did deſire to know,
Me in a glaſſe my *Geraldine* did ſhew,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou couldſt not ſleepe,
By a waxe taper ſet thy light to keepe ;
I doe remember thou didſt reade that Ode,
Sent backe whilſt I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where as thou cam'ſt vnto the word of loue,

Euen

Euen in thine eies I sawe how passion stroue ;
 That snowy lawne which couered thy bed,
 Me thought lookt white, to see thy cheeke so red,
 Thy rosie cheeke oft changing in my sight.
 Yet still was red, to see the lawne so white ;
 The little Taper which should giue thee light,
 Me thought waxt dim, to see thy eie so bright ;
 Thine eie againe supplies the Tapers turne,
 And with his beames doth make the taper burne,
 The shrugging ayre about thy Temple hurles,
 And wraps thy breath in little crowded curles,
 And as it doth ascend, it strait doth ceaze it,
 And as it sinks, it presently doth raise it ;
 Canst thou by sicknes banish beautie so ?
 Which if put from thee, knowes not where to goe,
 To make her shift, and for her succour seeke,
 To euery riuel face, each bankrupt cheeke,
 If health preferu'd, thou beautie still doost cherish,
 If that neglected, beauty soone doth perish.
 Care draws on care, woe comforts woe againe,
 Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grieve brings forth twaine,
 If liue or die, as thou doost, so doe I,
 If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
 One hart, one loue, one ioy, one grieve, one troth,
 One good, one ill, one life, one death to both,
 If *Howards* blood, thou holdst as but too vile,
 Or not esteemst of *Norffolkes* Princely stile,
 If *Scotlands* coate no marke of fame can lend,
 That Lion placde in our bright siluer bend,
 Which as a trophie beautifies our shield,
 Since Scottish bloud discoloured *Floden* field ;
 When

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

When the prowde *Cheviot* our braue Ensigne beare,
As a rich iewell in a Ladies haire,
And did faire *Bramstons* neighbouring valies choke,
With clouds of Canons, fire disgorged smoke,
Or *Surreys* Earledom insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee ;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heires,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By Princes, my immortall lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with euery tung ;
The little children when they learne to go,
By painfull mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by sugred numbers to rehearse,
And haue their sweet-lips season'd with my verse ;
When heauen would strue to do the best it can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man ;
The vtmost power in that great worke doth spend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend,
That little difference twixt the Gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd onely thus ;
Whom they in birth, ordaine to happie dayes,
The Gods commit their glorie to our prayse,
To eternall life when they dissolue their breath,
We likewise share a second power by death :
When time shall turne those Amber colours to gray,
My verse againe shall guild and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the Autumne giue a Summers hew ;
That sacred power, that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd vaines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whitenes dead,
Shall

Shall set a white, more white, a red, more red ;
 When thy dim sight thy glasse cannot descry.
 Thy crazed mirrour cannot see thine eie ;
 My verse to tell, what eie, what mirrour was,
 Glasse to thine eie, an eie vnto thy glasse,
 Where both thy mirrour and thine eie shall see,
 What once thou sawst, in that, that saw in thee,
 And to them both shall tell the simple trueth,
 What that in purenesse was, vvhhat thou in youth.
 If Florence once should loose her olde renouune,
 As famous *Athens*, novv a fisher tovvne,
 My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
 Which great *Apollo* euer shall protect,
 And with the numbers from my penne that falls,
 Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls ;
 Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report,
 To be the glory of the English Court,
 Shall by our nation be so much admire,
 If euer *Surrey* truely were inspirde.
 And famous *Wyat*, who in numbers sings,
 To that enchanting *Thracian* harpers strings,
 To whome *Phæbus* (the Poets god) did drinke,
 A bowle of Nectar filld vnto the brinke,
 And sweet-tongd *Bryan*, (whom the Muses kept,
 And in his Cradle rockt him whilst he slept,)
 In sacred verses (so diuinely pend)
 Vpon thy praises euer shall attend.
 What time *I* came vnto this famous towne,
 And made the cause of my arriuall knovvne,
 Great *Medices* a list (for triumphs) built,
 Within the vvhich, vpon a tree of gilt,

Z

With

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

With thousand fundry rare deuifes set,) I did erect thy louely counterfet,
To answer those Italian dames desire,
Which daily came thy beautie to admire.
By which my lion in his gaping jaws
Holdeth my launce, and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my gauntlet vnto him that dare
A beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which when each manly valiant arme assaies,
After so many braue triumphant daies,
The glorious prize vpon my launce I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaimde to be thy share ;
The shiuered staues here for thy beautie broke,
With fierce encounters past at euery shocke,
When stormie courtes answered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting prowde Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Vpon an altar burnt with holy flame,
And sacrificde as ensence to thy fame.
Where, as the Phœnix from her spiced fume,
Renues herselfe in that she doth consume ;
So from these sacred ashes liue we both,
Euen as that one *Arabian* wonder dooth.
When to my chamber I my selfe retire,
Burnt with the sparkes that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happy Ile where *Geraldine* remaines,
Of Hunsdon, where those sweete celestiall eyne,
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine ;
Of Hampton Court, and *Windfore*, where abound
All pleasures that in Paradise were found ;
Neere that faire Castle is alittle groue,

vwith

With hanging rockes all couered from aboue,
 Which on the bancke of louely *Thames* doth stand,
 Clipt by the water from the other land,
 Whose bushy top doth bid the Sun forbear, (there,
 And checkes thofe provvde beames that would enter
 Whose leaues still muttring as the ayre doth breathe,
 With the fveet bubling of the streame beneath,
 Doth rocke the senses (whilst the small birds sing,
 Lulled asleepe vvith gentle murmuring,
 Where light-foote Fairies sport at prison base,
 No doubt there is some povver frequents the place ;
 There the soft poplar and smoothe beech doe beare,
 Our names together carued euery where,
 And Gordian knots doe curiously entwine,
 The names of *Henry*, and of *Geraldine*.
 O let this Groue in happy times to come,
 Be calld, *The Louers bleffide Elisium*,
 Whither my Mistris vvonted to resort,
 In summers heate in pleasant shades to sport,
 A thousand sundry names I haue it giuen,
 And calld it Wonder-hider, Couer-heauen,
 The roofe vvhere Beautie her rich Court doth keepe,
 Vnder vvhose compasse all the Starres doe sleepe.
 There is one tree vvhich now I call to minde,
 Doth beare these verses carued in his rinde :
When Geraldine shall fit in thy faire shade,
Fanne her sweete tresses with perfumed aire,
Let thy large boughes a Canopie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,
And when thy spreading braunched armes be suncke,
And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retaine,

Z 2

Euen

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

*Eu'n from the dust of thy unweldy Truncke,
I will renue thee Phoenix like againe,
And from thy drie decayed roote will bring,
Anew-borne Stem, another Æsons spring.*
I finde no cause, nor iudge I reason why
My country should giue place to *Lombardy*,
As goodly flowers on *Thamisis* doe growe,
As beautifie the bankes of wanton *Po* ;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* strand,
By siluer *Sabrine* tripping hand in hand,
Our shades as sweete, though not to vs so deere,
Because the sunne hath greater power heere.
This distant place but giues me greater woe,
Farre off, my sighs the farther haue to goe,
Ah absence ! why thus shouldst thou seeme so long ?
Or wherefore shouldst thou offer Time such wrong ?
Summer so soone, should steale on winters colde,
Or winters blasts, so soone make summer olde ?
Loue did vs both with one selfe arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure should be the like,
Except thou hast found out some meane by art,
Some powrefull medicine to withdraw the darte,
But mine is fixt, and absents physicke proued,
It stickes too fast, it cannot be remoued.
Adiew, adew, from *Florence* when I goe,
By my next letters *Geraldine* shall know,
Which if good fortune shall my course direct,
From *Venice* by some messenger expect,
Till when, I leaue thee to thy hearts desire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Notes

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.

Florence, a Cittie of Thufcan, standing vpon the Riuer Arnus, (celebrated by *Dante Petrarch*, and other the most noble wits of Italie) was the originall of the familie, out of which this *Geraldine* did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the Earle of Surrey.

From *Thufcan* came my Ladies worthy race,
Faيرة *Florence* was sometime her ancient seate,
The Westerne Ile, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers cliffs, did giue her liuely heate.

Great learn'd Agrippa, so profound in Art.

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for Magicke (which the bookes published by him, concerning that argument, do partly proue) as in this place needes no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy Arts are but illusions: fo in the honour of so rare a Gentleman as this Earle, (and therewithall so noble a Poet) (a quality, by which his other titles receiue their greatest lustre) inuention may make somewhat more bold with *Agrippa* aboue the barren truth.

That Lion set in our bright siluer bend.

The blazon of the *Howards* honorable armour, was *Gules betwene six crosselets Fitches a bend Argent*, to which afterwards was added by archieurement, *In the Canton point of the bend an escutcheon*, or within the *Scottish* tressure, a *Demi-lion rampant Gules*, &c. as *Maister Camden* now *Clarenceaulx* from authoritie noteth. Neuer shall time nor bitter enuie be able to obscure the brightnesse of so great a victory as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of Scotland *George Buchanan* reporteth, that the Earle of Surrey gaue for his badge a *Siluer Lion*, (which from antiquitie belonged to that name) tearing in peeeces *A Lion prostrate Gules*; and withall, that this which he termes insolencie, was punished in him and his posteritie, as if it were fatall to the Conquerour

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

querour, to doe his Soueraigne such loyall seruice as a thousand such seuer censurers were neuer able to performe.

Since Scottish blood discoloured Floden field.

The battle was fought at Bramstone, neere Floden hill, being a part of the Cheuiot, a mountaine that exceedeth all the mountaines in the North of England for bignesse, in which the wilfull periurie of *James* the fifth was punished from heauen by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King *Henry* the eight (then in France before *Turwin*) for the defence of his Realme.

*Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues report
To be the glory, &c.*

Of the beautie of that Lady, he himselfe testifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to daunce with him, which hee seemeth to allegorize vnder a Lion and a Wolfe. And of himselfe he saith :

A Lion saw I late, as white as any snow,
And of her.

I might perceiue a Wolfe as white as Whales bone,
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her lookes were coy, and froward was her grace.

And famous Wyat who in numbers sings.

Sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnesse, besides certaine Encomions written by the Earle of Surrey vpon some of *Dauids* Psalmes, by him translated.

What holy graue, what worthy Sepulchre,
To *Wyats* Psalmes shall Christians purchase then.
And afterward vpon his death the said Earle writeth thus :
What vertues rare were tempred in thy breast?
Honour that England such a iewell bred,
And kisse the ground whereas thy corpes did rest.

At Hunsdon, where those sweete celestiall eyne,

It is manifest by a Sonnet written by this noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunsdon.

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his loue, I do alleadge in diuers places of this glosse, as proofes of what I write.

Of

*Of Hampton Court and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures, &c.*

That he enioyed the prefence of his faire and vertuous Miftris,
in thofe two places, by reafon of Queene *Katherines* vfuall aboard
there, (on whom this Lady *Geraldine* was attending) I proue by
theſe verſes of his :

Hampton me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine,
Windsor alas doth chafe me from her ſight.

And in another Sonnet following :

When Winſor walls ſuſtaine my wearied arme,
My hand my chin, to eaſe my reſtleſſe head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Winſor to
Paradiſe, an Elegy may proue, where he remembreth his paſſed
pleaſures in that place.

With a Kings ſonne my childiſh yeeres I paſſ'd,
In greater feaſt then *Priams* ſonne of Troy.

And againe in the ſame Elegie ;

Thoſe large greene Courts, where we were wont to roue
With eyes caſt vp vnto the maidens Tower,
With eaſie ſighs, ſuch as men draw in loue.

And againe in the ſame :

The ſtately ſeates, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances ſhort, long tales of ſweete delight.

And for the pleaſantneſſe of the place, theſe verſes of his may
teſtifie in the ſame Elegie before recited.

The ſecret groues which we haue made reſound,
With ſiluer drops the meads yet ſpread for ruth.

As goodly flowers from Thamifis doe growe, &c.

I had thought in this place not to haue ſpoken of Thames, be-
ing ſo oft remembred by mee before, in fundry other places
on this occaſion : but thinking of that excellent Epigram,
which, as I iudge, either to bee done by the ſaid Earle, or Sir
Frauncis Brian : for the worthineſſe thereof I will heere inferſe,
which, as it ſeemes to me, was compiled at the Authors being in
Spaine.

Z 4

Tagus

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Tagus farewell, which Westward with thy streames,
Turn'ft vp the graines of gold already tride,
For I with spur and faile go seeke the Thames,
Against the Sunne that shewes her wealthy pride;
And to the towne that *Brutus* fought by dreames,
Like bended Moone that leanes her lusty side,
To seeke my Country now, for whom I liue,
O mighty *Ioue*, for this the windes me giue.

FINIS.

Geraldine to Henry Howard
Earle of Surrey.

S Vch greeting as the noble *Surrey* sends,
The fame to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A maidens thoughts do checke my trembling hand,
On other termes, or complements to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in farre richer vvords;
But all is one, my faith as firme shall proue,
As hers that makes the greatest shevv of loue.
In Cupids Schoole I neuer read those bookes,
Whose lectures oft vve practife in our lookes,
Nor euer did suspitions riual eye,
Yet lie in vvaite my fauours to espie,
My virgine thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaste blushes sitting on my cheeke:

AS

As in a feuer I do shiuer yet,
Since first my pen was to the paper set.
If I do erre, you know my sexe is weake,
Feare proues a fault, where maids are forc'd to speake;
Do I not ill? ah sooth me not heerein,
O, if I doe, reprove me of my sin,
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach my selfe, my selfe to chide.
Nay noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldnesse should returne my guilt;
For that should be euen from our selues concealde,
Which is disclofde, if to our thoughts reuealde,
For the least motion, more the smallest breath,
That may impeach our modestie, is death;
The page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Methinks) should meruaile at my strange demand,
For till he blush'd, I did not yet espie,
The nakednesse of my immodestie,
Which in my face he greater might haue seene,
But that my fanne I quickly put betweene;
Yet scarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
Feare seeing all, feares it of all espie,
Like to a taper lately burning bright,
Now wanting matter to maintaine his light.
The blaze ascending forced by the smoke,
Liuing by that which seekes the same to choke;
The flame still hanging in the ayre, doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it backe againe returne.
Then cleere, then dim, then spreadeth, & then closeth,
Now getteth strength, and now his brightnesse loseth.
As well the best discerning eye may doubt,

Whe-

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Whether it yet be in, or whether out :
Thus in my cheeke my diuers passions shew'd,
Now ashy pale, and now againe it glow'd ;
If in your verfe there be a power to moue,
It's you alone, who are the cause I loue,
It's you bewitch my bosome by mine eare,
Vnto that end *I* did not place you there.
Ayres to assuage the bloody souldiers minde,
Poore women, we are naturally kinde.
Perhaps you'll thinke that *I* these termes enforce,
For that in Court this kindenesse is of course,
Or that it is that honny-steeped gall,
We oft are said to bait our loues withall,
That in one eye we carry strong desire,
The other drops which quickly quench the fire ;
Ah, what so false can Enuy speake of vs,
But shall finde some too vainely credulous?
I do not so, and to adde prooffe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith sweete Lord *I* do ;
Nor let the enuie of enuenom'd tongues,
Which still is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breast diasterly possesse,
By any doubt to make my loue the lesse :
My house from *Florence* *I* do not pretend,
Nor from *Giraldi* claime *I* to descend,
Nor hold those honours insufficient are,
That *I* receiue from *Desmond* or *Kyldare* ;
Nor adde *I* greater worth vnto my blood,
Than *Irish* milke to giue me infant food,
Nor better ayre will euer boast to breathe,
Then that of *Lemster*, *Mounster*, or of *Meathe*,
Nor

Nor craue *I* other forraine farre alies,
 Then *Windfor* or *Fitz-geralds* families.
 It is enough to leaue vnto my heires,
 If they will but acknowledge me for theires.
 To what place euer did the Court remoue,
 But that the howse giues matter to my loue,
 At *Windfor* still *I* see thee sit and walke,
 There mount thy Courser, there deuise, there talke :
 The roabes, the garter, and the state of Kings,
 Into my thoughts thy hoped greatnes brings ;
 Non such, the name imports (me thinks) so much,
 None such as thou, nor as my Lord, none such,
 In *Hamptons* great magnificence *I* finde,
 The liuely image of thy princely minde,
 Faire *Richmonds* Towers like goodly pillars stand,
 Rearde by the power of thy victorious hand ;
White-halls triumphing galleries are yet
 Adornde with rich deuises of thy wit,
 In *Greenewich* yet as in a glasse *I* view,
 Where last thou badst thy *Geraldine* adiew,
 VVith euery little gentle breath that blowes,
 How are my thoughts confusde with ioyes & woes,
 As through a gate, so through my longing eares,
 Passe to my hart whole multitudes of feares ;
 O in a map that *I* might see thee show,
 The place where now in danger thou doost goe !
 VVhilst we discourse to trauaile with our eye,
Romania, *Tuscaine*, and faire *Lumbardy*,
 Or with thy pen exactly to set downe,
 The modell of that *Tempell*, or that *Towne*,
 And to relate at large where thou hast beene,

And

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

And there, and there, and what thou there haft seene.
Or to describe by figure of thy hand,
There *Naples* lies, and there doth *Florence* stand ;
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulfe to figure out,
To modell *Venice* moted round about ;
Then adding more, to counterfet a Sea,
And draw the front of stately *Genoa*.
These from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do found like *Mandrakes* dreadful grones.
Some trauell hence t'enrich their mindes with skill,
Leaue heere their good, and bring home others ill :
VWhich seeme to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting most where they the least are knowne.
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had been in feuerall Countries bred ;
In their attire, their iesture, and their gate,
Fond in each one in all *Italionate*.
So well in all deformitie in fashion,
Borrowing a limbe on euery feuerall Nation,
And nothing more then England hold in scorne,
So liue as strangers where as they were borne.
But thy returne in this *I* do not reede,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeede ;
O God forbid that *Howards* noble line,
From ancient vertue should so farre decline,
The Muses traine (whereof your selfe are chiefe)
Onely with me participate their grieve :
To sooth their humors, *I* do lend them eares,
He giues a Poet, that his verses heares,

Till

Till thy returne, by hope they onely liue ;
 Yet had they all, they all avway would giue :
 The world and they, so ill according be,
 That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
 Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
 The Muses friends are euery where so rare ;
 Some praise thy worth (that it did neuer know,)
 Onely because the better sort doe so,
 Whose iudgement neuer further doth extend,
 Then it doth please the greatest to commend,
 So great an ill vpon desert doth chaunce,
 When it doth passe by beastly ignoraunce.
 Why arte thou slacke whilst no man puts his hand
 To raise the mount vvh^{er} *Surreys* tovv^{er}s must stand?
 Or who the grounsill of that worke doth lay
 Whilst like a wandrer thou abroad^e doost stray ?
 Clipt in the armes of some lasciuious dame,
 When thou shouldst reare an *I*lion to thy name.
 When shall the Muses by faire *Norwich* dwell,
 To be the Cittie of the learned *V*Vell ?
 Or *Phæbus* altars there with incense heapt,
 As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept ?
 Or vvhen shall that faire hoofe-plowd spring distill
 From great mount *Surrey*, out of *Leonards* hill ?
 Till thou returne, the Court will I exchange
 For some poore cottage, or some countrey Grange,
 Where to our distaues as we sit and spin,
 My maide and I will tell of things haue bin,
 Our Lutes vnstrung shall hang vpon the wall,
 Our lessons serue to wrap our Towe withall,
 And passe the night, whiles winter tales we tell,

Z 5

Of

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Of many things that long ago befell ;
Or tune such homely Carrols as were fung
In Countrey sports when we our selues were yung.
In prettie Riddles to bewray our loues,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing gloues.
The noblest spirits to vertue most inclind,
These heere in Court thy greatest want do find.
Other there be, on which we feede our eye,
Like Arras worke, or such like *Imagerie* ;
Many of vs desire *Queene Katherines* state,
But very few her vertues imitate.
Then, as *Vlysses* wife vwrite *I* to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy selfe to me.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

Then Windfore, or Fitzgeralds families.

THE cost of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Castle at Windfor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble then that it need to bee spoken of now, as though obscure, and I hold it more meet to referre you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing necre to the purpose. As for the family of the *Fitzgeralds*, of whence this excellent Lady was lineally descended, the original was English, though the branches did spread themselues into distant places & names nothing consonant, as in former times it was vsual to denominate themselues of their manours or forenames : as may partly appeare in that which ensueth, the light whereof proceeded from my learned and verie worthie friend, Maister *Francis Thinne*, *Walter* of Windfor, the sonne of *Oterus*, had issue *William*, of whom *Henry* now Lord Windfor is descended, and *Robert* of Windfor, of whom *Robert* the

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the now Earle of Essex, and *Gerald* of Windsor his third sonne, who married the daughter of *Rees* the great Prince of Wales, of whom came *Nesta*, paramour to *Henry* the first. Which *Gerald* had issue *Maurice Fitz-gerald*, auncestor to *Thomas Fitz-maurice*, Iustice of Ireland buried at Trayly; leauing issue *John* his eldest sonne, first Earle of Kildare, ancestor to *Geraldine*, and *Maurice* his second sonne, first earle of Desmond.

To raise the mount where Surreys Towers must stand,

Alludeth to the sumptuous house which was afterward builded by him vpon Leonards hill right against Norwich, which in the rebellion of Norfolke vnder *Ket*, in king *Edward* the 6. time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hil and the Citie, as *Alexander Ncuill* describes it, the riuer of Yarmouth runs, hauing West and Scuth thereof a wood, and a little Village called Thorpe, and on the North, the pastures of Moutholl, which contains about sixe miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately greatnes of Mount-Surrey, which was the houses name: the prospect and site thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did that encreasing euill of the Norfolke furie enkennell it selfe but then there, as it were for a manifest token of their intent, to debase all high things, and to prophane all holy.

Like Arras works, or other imagerie.

Such was he whom *Iuuenall* taxeth in this manner.

—truncoque similimus Hermae

Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine quamquod,

Illi Marmoreum caput est, tua viuit imago.

Being to be borne for nothing else but apparell and the outward appearance, intituled Complement, with whom the ridiculous fable of the Ape in *Esop*e sorteth fitly, who comming into a Caruers house, and viewing many Marble workes, tooke vp the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in praying did seeme to pittie it, that hauing so comely an outside, it had nothing within, like emptie figures walke and talke in euery place, at whom the noble *Geraldine* modestly glanceth.

Finis.

To



To the virtuous Lady, the Lady
Francis Goodere, wife to sir Henry
Goodere, Knight.

MY very gracious and good Mistris, the loue and duety I bare vnto your father whilst he liued, now after his decease is to your hereditarie; to whome by the blessing of your birth he left his vertues. Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatfoeuer good is mine, as deuoted to his, he being gone, whome I honoured so much whilst he liued; which you may iustly challenge by all lawes of thankfulnessse. My selfe hauing beene a witnesse of your excellent education, and milde disposition (as I may say) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epistle of this vertuous and godly Lady to your selfe; so like her in all perfection, both of wisedome and learning, which I pray you accept, till time shall enable me to leaue you some greater monument of my loue.

M. Drayton.

The

The Lady *Jane* Gray to the Lord *Gilford* *Dudley*.

The Argument.

After the death of that vertuous young Prince King Edward the sixth, the sonne of that famous King Henry the eighth, Iane the daughter of Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke by the consent of Iohn Dudley Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queene of England, being married to Gilford Dudley, the fourth sonne of the fore-said Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by their ambitious fathers, who went about by this meanes, to bring the Crowne vnto their children, and to dispossesse the Princeesse Mary eldest daughter to King Henry the eighth, heire to King Edward her brother. Queene Mary rising in Armes to claime her righthfull Crowne, taketh the saide Iane Gray and the Lord Gilford her husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safetie, which place being lastly their Pallace, by this meanes became their prison, where being seuered in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.

Mine own deere Lord, sith thou art lockt frō mee,
In this disguise my loue must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnesse past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

Aa

My

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

My Keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
Who with thy greeting answers my desire,
Which my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe stops my words, and I but striue in vaine ;
Wherewith amazde, away in haste he goes,
When through my lips, my hart thrusts forth my woes,
Whenas the dores that make a dolefull sound,
Driue backe my words, that in the noife are drownd,
Which somewhat hush'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word ;
When like an aduerse winde in *Iſs* course,
Against the tide bending his boistrous force ;
But when the flood hath wrought it selfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thrust it out ;
Thus striue my sighes with teares e're they begin,
And breaking out, againe sighes driue them in.
A thousand formes present my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue when they forth are brought.
The depth of woe with words wee hardely sound,
Sorrow is so insensibly profound :
As teares do fall and rise sighes come and goe,
So do those numbers ebbe, so do they flow.
These briny teares do make my incke looke pale,
My incke clothes teares in this sad mourning vaile,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, grieu'd at my misery.
Yet miserable our selues, why should we deeme,
Sith none is so, but in his owne esteeme ?
Who in distresse from resolution flies,
Is rightly said, to yeelde to miseries ;
They which begot vs, did beget this fin,

They

They first begun, what did our grieve begin,
 We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebell,
 Not our offence, but in their fall we fell ;
 They which a crowne would to my Lord haue linckt,
 All hope of life and liberty extinct ;
 A subiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
 Hath made me now, not subiect, nor a Queene.
 Ah vile ambition, how doost thou deceiue vs,
 Which shew'st vs heauen, and yet in hell doost leaue vs?
 Seldome vntouch'd doth innocence escape,
 When error commeth in good counsailes shape,
 A lawfull title countercheckes prowd might,
 The weakest things become strong props to right.
 Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieve vs,
 Yet let our spotlesse innocence relieue vs.
 Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
 Where truth giues courage, and the conscience cleere,
 And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
 That I beare part of whatfoe're is thine ;
 As when we liued vntouch'd with these disgraces,
 Whenas our kingdome was our deere embraces ;
 At Durham Pallace, where sweete *Hymen* sang,
 Whose buildings with our nuptiall musicke rang :
 When *Prothalamions* praide that happy day,
 Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
 When they deuifde to lincke by wedlockes band,
 The house of Suffolke to Northumberland ;
 Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
 To frame this building on so weake a ground.
 For what auails a lawlesse vsurpation,
 Which giues a Scepter, but not rules a Nation ?

A a 2

Only

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Onely the surfet of a vaine opinion,
What giues content, giues what exceeds dominion.
When first mine eares were pierced with the fame,
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princeesse name,
A suddaine fright my trembling heart appalls,
The feare of conscience entreth yron walls.
Thrice happy for our fathers had it beene,
If what we fearde, they wisely had fore-seene,
And kept a meane gate in an humble path,
To haue escapde the heauens impetuous wrath,
The true-bred Eagle strongly beares the winde,
And not each bird that's neere vnto their kinde,
That like a King, doth from the clowdes command,
That fearefull fowle that moues but neere the Land,
Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings descended,
My blood not from *Plantaginet* pretended ;
My grandfire *Brandon* did our house aduance,
By princely *Mary*, Dowager of France ;
The fruit of that faire stocke which did combine,
And Yorkes sweete branch with Lancasters entwine,
And in one stalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermilion Rose, with purer white ;
I the vntimely flip of that rich stem.
Whose golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I,
Nor do I boast of this, but learne to die.
Whilst we were as our selues conioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The purest blood, polluted is in blood,
Neerenes contemn'd, if foueraignty withstood ;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,

The

The day too darke to see affinitie ;
 And where the arme is stretch'd to reach a Crowne,
 Friendship is broke, the deereſt thing throwne downe;
 For what great *Henry* moſt ſtroue to auoide,
 The heauens haue built, where earth would haue de-
 And ſeating *Edward* on his regall throne, (ſtroide,
 He giues to *Mary*, all that was his owne,
 By death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
 The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heires.
 By mortall lawes the bound may be diuorc'd,
 But heauens decree by no meanes can be forc'd :
 That rules the caſe, when men haue all decreed,
 Who tooke him hence, fore-ſaw who ſhould ſucceed,
 For we in vaine relie on humane lawes,
 Whē heauen ſtands forth to plead the righteous cauſe,
 Thus rule the heauens in their continuall courſe,
 That yeeldes to fate, that doth not yeelde to force.
 Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
 But vertue's free from time and fortunes powre ;
 Then my kinde Lord, ſweete *Gilford* be not grieu'd,
 The ſoule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd ;
 And as we once haue plighted troth together,
 Now let vs make exchange of mindes to either ;
 To thy faire breſt take my reſolued minde,
 Armde againſt blacke diſpaire, and all her kinde,
 And to my boſome breathe that ſoule of thine,
 There to be made as perfect as is mine ;
 So ſhall our faith as firmly be approued,
 As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
 This life no life, were thou not deere to mee,
 Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

A a 3

Thou

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to die, thou shalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And surely finde, what e're by zeale is sought ;
For each good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure fees, from whence it takes
That sweete resemblance, which by power of kinde,
Formes (like it selfe) an image in the minde,
And in our faith the operations bee,
Of that diuinenesse which through that we see ;
Which neuer erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleshes imbecillitie ;
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide ;
For as these Towers our bodies do inclose
Their prisons, so vnto our soules suppose
Our bodies, stopping that celestially light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight ;
Whereon death seasing, doth discharge the debt,
And vs at blessed liberty doth set.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy heart,
The strongest fortresse of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humilitie ;
By which to heauen ascending by degrees,
Persist in prayer vpon your bended knees ;
Whereon if you assuredly be staide,
You neede in perill not to be dismaide,
Which still shall keepe you that you shall not fall,
For any perill that you can appall ;
The key of heauen thus with you, you shall beare,
And

And grace you guiding, giue you entrance there,
 And you of those celestiaall ioyes possesse,
 Which mortal tongue's vnable to expresse.
 Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
 Crowning our heads with glorious martiredome,
 Before the blacke and dismall daies beginne,
 The daies of all idolatry and sinne,
 Not suffering vs to see that wicked age,
 When persecution vehemently shall rage,
 When tyranny new tortures shall inuent,
 Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
 Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe shall bring,
 Englands faire Scepter to a forraigne King,
 But vnto faire *Elizabeth* shall leaue it,
 Which broken, hurt, and wounded, shall receiue it ;
 And on her temples hauing placde the Crowne,
 Roote out the dregs Idolatry hath sowne ;
 And *Syons* glory shall againe restore,
 Laid ruine, waste, and desolate before ;
 And from blacke finders, and rude heapes of stones,
 Shall gather vp the Martires sacred bones,
 And shall extirpe the power of *Rome* againe,
 And cast aside the heauie yoke of Spaine.
 Farewell sweete *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
 Heauen is our home, we are but strangers heere.
 Let vs make haste to goe vnto the blest,
 Which from these weary worldly labours rest,
 And with these lines my deereft Lord I greete thee,
 Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe shall meet thee.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

They which begat vs did beget this sinne.

Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whose pride was the cause of the vtter ouerthrow of their children.

*At Durham Pallace where sweete Hymen sang,
The building, &c.*

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth sonne to *John Dudley* Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Iane Gray*, daughter to the Duke of Suffolke at Durham house in the Strand.

*When first mine eares were pierced with the fame,
Of Iane proclaimed by a princes name*

Presently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Iane* was taken as Queene, conueyed by water to the Tower of London for her safetie, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the realme, as so ordained by king *Edwards* Letters-patents, and his will.

*My Grandfire Brandon did our house aduance
By princely Mary, dowager of Fraunce.*

Henry Gray, duke of Suffolke, married *Frauncis* the eldest daughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke, by the French Queene, by which *Frauncis* he had this Lady *Iane*: this *Mary* the French Queene, was daughter to king *Henry* the seuenth, by *Elisabeth* his Queene, which happie mariage conioyned the two noble families of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what great Henry most strove to auoyde,

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the eight euer had in the Princeesse *Mary* his daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* issue had to the Crowne.

And vnto faire Elizabeth shall leaue it.

A prophecie of Queene *Maries* barrennesse, and of the happie and glorious raigne of Queene *Elisabeth*, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish seruitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spaine.

Gilford



¶ Gilford Dudley to Iane Gray.

AS the Swanne finging at his dying howre,
 So I reply from my imprisning Towre :
 O could there be that powre but in my verse,
 To expresse the grieve my wounded heart doth pierce;
 The very walles that straitly thee inclose,
 Would surely weepe at reading of my woes ;
 Let your eies lend, Ile pay you euery teare,
 And giue you intrest, if you doe forbear,
 Drop for a drop, and if youle needes haue lone,
 I will repay you franckly, two for one.
 Perhaps youle thinke (your sorrowes to appease)
 That words of comfort fitter were than these :
 True, and in you when such perfection liueth,
 As in most grieve most comfort alwaies giueth :
 And thinke not (*Iane*) that cowardly I faint,
 To begge mans mercy by my sad complaint,
 That death so much my courage can controule,
 At the departing of my liuing roule.
 For if one life a thousand liues could bee,
 All those too few to consummate with thee,
 When thou this crosse so patiently doost beare,
 As if thou wert incapable of feare,
 And doost no more this desolution flie,
 Than if long age constrained thee to die :

Yet

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Yet it is strange thou arte become my foe,
And onely now add'ft most vnto my woe,
Not that I loathe, that most did me delight,
But that so long depriv'd of thy sight ;
For when I speake, and would complaine my wrong,
Straitwayes thy name possesseth all my tong,
As thou before me euermore didst lie
The present object to my longing eie.
No ominous starre did at thy birth tide shine,
That might of thy sad destiny diuine ;
Tis onely I that did thy fall perfwade,
And thou by me a sacrifice arte made,
As in those countries where the louing wiues
With their kinde husbands end their happy liues,
And crownd with garlands in their Brides attire,
Burne with his body in the funerall fire ;
And she the worthiest reckned is of all,
Whome least the perill seemeth to appall.
I boast not of *Northumberlands* great name,
Nor of *Ket* conquered, adding to our fame,
When he to *Norffolke* with his armies sped,
And thence in chaines the rebells captiue led,
And brought safe peace returning to our dores,
Yet spread his glory on the easterne shores,
Nor of my brothers, from whose naturall grace,
Vertue may spring to beautifie our Race,
Nor of *Graies* match my children borne by thee,
Of the great blood indoubtably to bee,
But of thy vertues onely doe I boast,
That wherein I may iustly glory most :
I crau'd no kingdomes though I thee did craue,

It

It might suffice thy onely selfe to haue,
 Yet let me say how-euer it befell,
 Me thinkes a Crowne should haue become thee well:
 For sure thy wisedome merited (or none)
 To haue beene heard with wonder from a throne.
 When from thy lippes the counsell to each deede,
 Doth as from some wise oracle proceede,
 And more esteemd thy vertues were to mee,
 Then all that else might euer come by thee ;
 So chaste thy loue, so innocent thy life,
 As being a virgine when thou wert a wife,
 So great a gift the heauen on me bestow'd,
 As giuing that it nothing could haue ow'd,
 Such was the good I did possesse of late,
 Ere worldly cares disturbde our quiet state,
 Ere trouble did in euery place abound,
 And angry warre our former peace did wound.
 This is all that ambition vs affordes,
 One crowne is guarded with a thousand swords,
 To meane estates, meane sorrowes are out showne,
 But crowns haue cares whose workings be vnknowne,
 When *Dudley* led his armies to the east,
 Of our whole forces generally possesse,
 What then was thought his enterprife could let,
 Whome a graue counsell freely did abet,
 That had the iudgement of the powrefull lawes,
 In euery poynt to iustifie the cause,
 The holy Church a helping hand that layde,
 Who would haue thought that these could not haue
 But what alas can parlements auaille, (fwayde :
 Where *Maries* right must *Edwards* Acts repeale ?
When

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

When *Suffolkes* powre doth *Suffolkes* hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland* ;
And they that should our greatnes vndergoe,
Vs, and our actions onely ouerthrow,
Ere greatnes gain'd we giue it all our hart,
But being once come, could wish it would depart,
And indefcreetly follow that so fast,
Which ouertaken punisheth our haste ;
If any one doe pittie our offence,
Let him be sure that it be farre from hence :
Heere is no place for any one that shall,
So much as (once) commiserate our fall :
And we of mercy vainely should but thinke,
Our timelesse teares th'infatiate earth doth drinke.
All lamentations vtterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that should their woefull children rue,
Fathers in death too kindely bid adue.
Friends their deare farewell louingly to take,
The faithfull seruant weeping for our sake.
Brothers and sisters waiting on our beere,
Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere :
But we alas depriued are of all,
So fatall is our miserable fall,
And where at first for safety we were shut
Now in darke prison woefully are put,
And from height of our ambitious state,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late,
To thy perswasion thus I then reply,
Holde on thy course resolued still to die,
And when we shall so happily be gone,

Leaue

Leaue it to heauen to giue the rightfull throne,
And with that health regret *I* thee againe,
Which *I* of late did gladly entertaine.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Not of Ket conquered adding to our fame,

I *ohn* Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earle of Warwike in his expedition against *Ket*, ouerthrew the rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my brothers from whose naturall grace,

Gilford Dudley as remembring in this place the towardnesse of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue raifed that house of the *Dudleys*, of which he was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their fathers ouerthrow.

Nor of Grayes match my children borne by thee,

Noting in this place the aliance of the Lady *Iane Gray*, by her mother, which was *Francis* the daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queene, daughter to *Henry* the seuenth, and sister to *Henry* the eight.

To haue beene heard with wonder from a throne.

Seldome hath it euer beene knowne of any woman endued with such wonderfull gifts, as was this Ladie, both for her wisdom and learning, of whose skill in the tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

Miraris Ianam Graia, sermone valere,

Quo primum nata est tempore Graia fuit.

When Dudley led his armies to the East.

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the Rebels in Norfolke, and making haste away, appoynted the rest of his forces to meete him at
New-market

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

Newmarket Heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shorditch, the Lord *Gray* in his companie, seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, he sayd, the people presse to see vs, but none bid God speed vs.

Whom a graue Councell freely did abet.

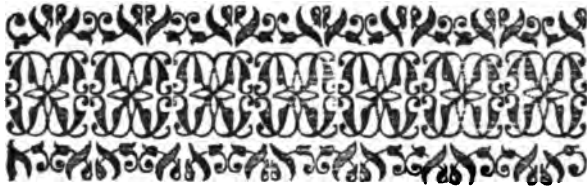
John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queene *Mary*, had his commiffion sealed for the generalship of the Army, by the consent of the whole Councell of the land; infomuch that passing through the Councell chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arundell wished that hee might haue gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrell.

*When Suffolks power doth Suffolks hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leaue Northumberland.*

The Suffolke men were the first that euer resorted to Queene *Mary* in her distresse, repaying to her succours, whilst shee remained both at Keningall, and at Fermingham Castell, still increasing her aydes, vntill the Duke of Northumberland, was left forsaken at Cambridge.

Finis.

The



THE worlds faire Rose, and *Henries* frostie fire,
Iohns tirranny ; and chaste *Matilda's* wrong,
 Th'inraged Queene, and furious *Mortimer*,
 The scourge of Fraunce, and his chaste loue I song.
 Deposed *Richard*, *Isabell* exil'd,
 The gallant *Tudor*, and faire *Katherine*,
 Duke *Humfrey*, and old *Cobhams* haplesse child,
 Courageous *Pole*, and that braue spritfull Queene,
Edward, and the delicious London Dame,
Brandon, and that rich dowager of Fraunce,
Surrey, with his faire paragon of fame,
Dudleys mishap, and vertuous *Grayes* mischaunce ;
 Their seuerall loues since I before haue showne,
 Now giue me leaue, at last to sing mine owne.

To

To the Reader of his Poems.

Sonet. 1.

I Nto these loues who but for passion lookes,
At this first fight, heere let them lay them by,
And seeke else-where in turning other bookes,
Which better may his labour satisfie,
No far fetch'd sigh shall euer wound my breast,
Loue from mine eye, a teare shall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whining Sonnets drest,
(A Libertine) fantastickly I sing ;
My verse is the true image of my mind,
Euer in motion still desiring change,
The choise of all varietie inclin'd,
And in all humors sportiuely I range,
My active Muse is of the worlds right straine,
That cannot long one fashion entertaine.

The second to the Reader.

Sonet. 2.

MAny there be excelling in this kind,
Whose wel-trick'd rimes with al inuention swel ;
Let each commend as best shall like his mind,
Some *Sidney*, *Constable*, some *Daniell*.
That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none thinke them disparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may speake of a King,
And so may these be spoken of by me ;
My wanton verse nere keepes one certaine stay ;
But now, at hand, then, seekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes astray,
Wilde, madding, iocund, and irregular ;
Like me that lust, my honest merry rimes,
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

Sonet



I D E A .

Sonnet 1.

THine eies taught me the alphabet of loue,
To kon my crosse-row ere I learnd to spell,
For *I* was apt, a Schollar like to proue,
Gaue me sweete lookes whenas I learned well,
Vowes were my vowells when I then begunne,
At my first lesson in thy sacred name,
My consonants the next when I had done,
Words consonant, and sounding to thy fame ;
My liquids then, were liquide cristall teares,
My cares, my mutes, so mute to craue reliefe,
My dolefull dipthongs, were my lifes dispaire,
Redoubling sighs, the accents of my grieve ;
My loues Schoole-mistres now hath taught me so,
That I can reade a storie of my woe.

B b

Son-

Sonnet. 2.

MY hart was flaine, and none but you and I,
 Who should I thinke the murther should cōmit?
 Since but your selfe, there was no creature by
 But onely I, guiltlesse of murthring it.
 It slew it selfe ; the verdiēt on the view
 Doe quit the dead, and me not accessary ;
 Well, well, I feare it will be prou'd by you,
 The euidence so great a prooffe doth carry.
 But O, see, see, we neede enquire no further,
 Vpon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
 And in your eye, the boy that did the murther,
 Your cheeks yet pale since first they gaue the wound.
 By this, I see, how euer things be past,
 Yet heauen will still haue murther out at last.

Sonnet 3.

TAKING my penne, with words to cast my woes,
 Duely to count the summe of all my cares,
 I finde, my griefe innumerable growes,
 The recknings rise to millions of dispaire,
 And thus diuiding of my fatall houres,
 The payments of my loue I reade, and crosse
 Subtracting, set my sweets vnto my fowers,
 My ioyes arerage leades me to my losse ;
 And thus mine eyes a debtour to thine eye,
 Which by extortion gaineth all their lookes,
 My heart hath payd such grievous vsurie,
 That all his wealth lies in thy beauties bookes.
 And all is thine which hath beene due to mee,
 And I a Bankrupt, quite vndone by thee.

An

An allusion to Narcissus.

Sonnet. 4.

BEautie sometime in all her glorie crowned,
Passing by that cleare fountaine of thine eye,
Her sun-shine face there chauncing to espie,
Forgot herselfe, deeming she had beene drowned,
And thus whilest beautie, on her beautie gazed,
Who then (yet liuing) thought she had beene dying,
And yet in death some hope of life espying,
With her owne rare perfections so amazed,
Twixt ioy and grieve, yet with a smiling frowning,
The glorious sun-beames of her eyes bright shining,
And she on her owne destenie diuining,
Cast in her selfe, to saue herselfe by drowning ;
The well of Nectar, pau'd with pearle and gold,
Where she remaines for all eyes to behold.

Sonnet. 5.

Nothing but no and I, and I and no,
How falls it out so strangely you reply ?
I tell ye (Faire) ile not be aunswere so,
With this affirming no, denying I,
I say I loue, you slender aunswere I,
I say you loue, you pule me out a no ;
I say I die, you eccho me with I,
Saue me I cry, you sigh me out a no :
Must woe and I, haue naught but no and I,
No I am I, if I no more can haue,
Aunswere no more, with silence make reply,
And let me take my selfe what I do craue ;
Let no and I, with I and you be so,
Then aunswere no, and I, and I, and no.

B b 2

To

To Harmonie.

Sonnet. 6.

Loue once would daunce within my Mistresse eye,
And wanting musique fitting for the place,
Swore that *I* should the instrument supply,
And sodainely presents me with her face ;
Straitwaies my pulse play liuely in my vaines,
My panting breath doth keepe a meaner time,
My quau'ring attires be the tenours straines,
My trembling sinewes serue the counterchime,
My hollow sighs the deepest base doe beare,
True diapason in distincted sound ;
My panting hart the trebble makes the aire,
And deskants finelie on the musikes ground ;
Thus like a Lute or Viall did *I* lie,
Whilst he prowd slaue dauncde galliards in her eie.

Sonnet. 7.

Loue in an humor plaide the prodigall,
And bids my fences to a solemne feast,
Yet more to grace the companie withall,
Inuities my hart to be the chiefeft guest ;
No other drinke would serue this gluttons turne,
But pretious teares distilling from mine eie,
Which with my sighs this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carowfes in this costly wine,
Where, in his cups o'recome with foule excesse,
Beginnes to play a swaggering ruffins part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkennes
Slew my deere friend, his kinde and truest hart ;
A gentle warning friends, thus may you see,
What tis to keepe a drunkard companie.

To

To the Moone. Sonet. 8.

P*Hæbe* looke downe, and heere behold in mee,
The elements within thy sphere inclosed,
How kindly Nature plac'd them vnder thee,
And in my world, see how they are disposed ;
My hope is earth, the lowest, cold and dry,
The grosser mother of deepe melancholie,
Water my teares, coolde with humidity,
Wan, flegmaticke, inclinde by Nature wholly ;
My sighes, the ayre, hote, moist, ascending higher,
Subtile of sanguine, dy'de in my harts dolor,
My thoughts, they be the element of fire,
Hote, dry, and piercing, still inclinde to choler,
Thine eye the Orbe vnto all these, from whence
Proceedes th'effects of powerfull influence.

To Lunacie. Sonnet. 9.

AS other men, so I my selfe do muse,
Why in this sorte I wrest inuention so,
And why these giddy metaphors I vse,
Leauing the path the greater part do goe ;
I will resolute you ; I am lunaticke,
And euer this in mad-men you shall finde,
What they last thought on when the braine grew sicke,
In most distraction keepe that still in minde.
Thus talking idely in this bedlam fit,
Reason and I (you must conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeeres now, since first I lost my wit,
Beare with me then, though troubled be my braine ;
With diet and correction, men distraught,
(Not too farre past) may to their wits be brought.

B 3

Sonnet

Sonnet. 10.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
 Then to the sonne of some rich penny-father,
 Who hauing now brought on his end with care,
 Leaues to his sonne all he had heap'd together ;
 This new rich nouice, lauish of his chest,
 To one man giues, and on an other spends,
 Then heere he riots, yet amongst the rest,
 Haps to send some to one true honest friend.
 Thy gifts thou in obscuritie doost waste,
 False friends thy kindenes, borne but to deceiue thee,
 Thy loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
 Time hath thy beautie, which with age will leaue thee;
 Onely that little which to me was lent,
 I giue thee backe, when all the rest is spent.

Sonnet. 11.

YOu not alone, when you are still alone,
 O God from you that *I* could priuate be,
 Since you one were, I neuer since was one,
 Since you in me, my selfe since out of me,
 Transported from my selfe into your being,
 Though either distant, present yet to either,
 Sencelesse with too much ioy, each other seeing,
 And onely absent when we are together.
 Giue me my selfe, and take your selfe againe,
 Deuise some meanes but how I may forsake you,
 So much is mine that doth with you remaine,
 That taking what is mine, with me I take you ;
 You do bewitch me, O that *I* could flie,
 From my selfe you, or from your owne selfe *I*.

To

To the Soule. Sonnet. 12.

THat learned father, which so firmly proues
The Soule of man immortall and diuine,
And doth the feuerall offices define :
Anima Giues her that name as she the body moues,
Amor Then is she loue imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a will in vs, it is the minde,
Mens Retaining knowledge, still the same in kinde;
Memoria As intellectuall it is the memory,
Ratio In iudgeing, Reason onely is her name,
Sensus In speedie apprehension it is sence,
Conscientia In right or wrong, they call her conscience:
Spiritus The spirit, whē it to Godward doth inflame.
These of the soule the feuerall functions bee,
Which my heart lightned by thy loue doth see.

To the Shaddow. Sonnet. 13.

Letters and lines we see are foone defaced,
Mettells do waste, and fret with cankers rust,
The Diamond shall once consume to dust ;
And freshest colours with fowle stains disgraced,
Paper and incke, can paint but naked words,
To write with blood, of force offends the sight,
And if with teares, I finde them all too light,
And sighes and signes, a feely hope affords.
O sweetest shadow, how thou seru'ft my turne,
Which still shalt be, as long as there is sunne,
Nor whilst the world is, neuer shall be done,
Whilst Moone shall shine, or any fire shall burne :
That euery thing whence shadow doth proceede,
May in his shadow, my loues story reede,
B b 4 Sonnet.

Sonnet. 14.

IF hee from heauen that filch'd that liuing fire,
 Condemn'd by *Ioue* to endlesse torment be,
 I greatly meruaile how you still go free,
 That farre beyond *Prometheus* did aspire?
 The fire he stole, although of heauenly kinde,
 Which from aboue he craftily did take,
 Of liuelesse clods vs liuing men to make,
 Againe bestow'd in temper of the minde.
 But you broke into heauens immortall store,
 Where vertue, honour, wit and beauty lay,
 Which taking thence, you haue escap'd away,
 Yet stand as free as e're you did before;
 But old *Prometheus* punish'd for his rape,
 Thus poore theeues suffer, when the greater scape.

Sonnet. 15.

Viewing the glasse of my youtnes miseries,
 I see the face of my deformed cares,
 With withered browes, all wrinckled with dispaire,
 That for my youth the teares fall from mine eyes,
 Then in these teares, the mirrors of these eyes,
 Thy fairest youth and beauty do I see,
 Imprinted there by looking still on thee;
 Thus midst my woes, ten thousand ioyes arise.
 Yet in these ioyes the shadowes of my good,
 In this faire limmed ground as white as snow,
 Painted the blackest image of my woe,
 With murthring hands imbrude in mine owne blood;
 And in this image his darke cloudy eyes,
 My life, and loue, I heere anatomize.

To

To the Phoenix. Sonnet 16.

WItthin the compasse of this spacious round,
Amongst all birds the Phoenix is alone,
Which but by you could neuer haue beene knowne,
None like to that, none like to you is found,
Heape your owne vertues seasoned by their funne,
On heavenly top of your diuine desire ;
Then with your beautie set the same on fire,
So by your death, your life shalbe begunne.
Your selfe thus burned in this sacred flame,
With your owne sweetnes all the heauens perfuming,
And still encreasing as you are consuming,
Shall spring againe from th'ashes of your fame,
And mounting vp shall to the heauens ascend,
So may you liue, past world, past fame, past end.

To Time. Sonnet. 17.

S^Tay, stay, sweete Time, behold or e're thou passe,
From world to world, thou long hast fought to see,
That wonder now wherein all wonders bee,
Where heauen beholds her in a mortall glasse :
Nay, looke thee Time in this celestiall glasse,
And thy youth past, in this faire mirrour see,
The first worlds beautie in the infancie,
What it was then, what thou before it was.
Now passe on Time, to after-worlds tell this :
(And yet shalt tell) but truely what hath beene,
That they may say, what former time hath seene,
And heauen may ioy to thinke on past worlds blis :
Heere make a period Time, and say for me,
She was, whose like againe shall neuer be.

To

To the Celestiall numbers.

Sonnet. 18.

VNto the world, to learning, and to heauen,
Three nines there are, to euerie one a nine,
One number of the earth, the other both diuine,
One woman now makes three odde numbers euen :
Nine orders first of Angells be in heauen,
Nine Muses do with learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer resident ;
Nine worthy ones vnto the world were giuen :
My worthy one to these nine worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse, one Muse vnto the nine,
And my good Angell in my foule diuine,
With one more order, these nine orders gladdeth :
My Muse, my worthy, and my Angell then,
Makes euery one of these three nines a ten.

To Humour. Sonnet. 19.

Y^Ou cannot loue my pretty heart, and why ?
There was a time you told me that you would,
But now againe you will the same denie,
If it might please you, would to God you could ;
What will you hate ? nay that you will not neither,
Nor loue, nor hate, how then ? what will you doe,
What will you keepe a meane then betwixt eyther?
Or will you loue me, and yet hate me too ?
Yet serues not this, what next, what other shift ?
You will, and will not, what a coyle is heere ?
I see your craft, now I perceiue your drift,
And all this while I was mistaken there :
Your loue and hate is this, I now do proue you,
You loue in hate, by hate to make me loue you.
Sonnet.

Sonnet. 20.

AN euill spirit your beautie haunts me still,
Wherewith (alas) I haue beene long possesse,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,
Nor giues me once but one poore minutes rest :
In me it speakes whether *I* sleepe or wake,
And when by meanes to driue it out *I* trie,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extreamitie,
Before my face, it laies all my dispaire,
And hastes me on vnto a suddaine death ;
Now tempting me to drowne my selfe in teares,
And then in sighing to giue vp my breath ;
Thus am I still prouokde to euery euill,
By this good wicked spirit, sweete Angell diuell.

To the Spheares. Sonnet. 21.

THou which doost guide this little world of loue,
Thy planets mansions heere thou maist behold,
My brow the spheare where *Saturne* still doth moue,
Wrinkled with cares, withered, dry and cold ;
Mine eyes the Orbe where *Iupiter* doth trace,
Which gently smile because they looke on thee,
Mars in my swartie visage takes his place,
Made leane with loue, where furious conflicts bee :
Sol in my breast with his hote scorching flame,
But in my heart alone doth *Venus* raigne ;
Mercury my hands, the Organs of my fame,
Luna my wauering and vnconstant vaine ;
The starry heauen thy praise by me exprest,
Thou the first mouer, guiding all the rest.

To

To Folly. Sonnet. 22.

With fooles & children good discretion beares,
Then honest people beare with Loue & me,
Nor older yet, nor wiser made by yeares,
Amongst the rest of fooles and children be,
Loue's still a baby, plaies with gawdes and toyes,
And like a wanton, sports with euery feather,
And ideots still are running after boyes,
Then fooles and children fittst to go together ;
He still as youug as when he first was borne,
No wiser I, then when as young as he,
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to scorne,
Giue Nature thanks you are not such as we :
Yet fooles and children sometimes tell in play,
Some wise in shew, more fooles indeede then they.

Sonnet. 23.

Loue banish'd heauen, in earth was held in scorne,
Wandering abroad in neede and beggery,
And wanting friends, though of a Goddesse borne,
Yet crau'de the almes of such as passed by,
I like a man, deuote and charitable ;
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandering guest,
With sighes and teares still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest ;
But this vngratefull for my good defart,
Enticde my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gaue consent to steale away my heart,
And set my breast his lodging on a fire :
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No meruaile then though charity grow cold.

Sonnet

Sonnet 24.

I Heare some say, this man is not in loue,
 I Who can he loue? a likely thing they say :
 Reade but his verse, and it will easly proue ;
 O iudge not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
 Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
 As one that faine his sorrows would beguile :
 You now suppose me, all this time in sport,
 And please your selfe with this conceit the while.
 You shallow censures, sometime see you not
 In greatest perills some men pleasant be,
 Where fame by death is onelie to be got ;
 They resolute, so stands the case with me ;
 Where other men in depth of passion crie,
 I laugh at Fortune, as in jeast to die.

Sonnet 25.

O Whie should nature niggardly restraine,
 The Southerne nations rellish not our tongue,
 Else should my lines glide on the waues of *Rhene*,
 And crowne the *Pirens* with my liuing song ;
 But bounded thus to *Scotland* get you forth,
 Thence take you wing vnto the *Orcades*,
 There let my verse get glorie in the north,
 Making my sighs to thawe the frozen seas,
 And let the *Bards* within that *Irish* ile,
 To whome my Muse with fire wings shall passe,
 Call backe the stiffe-neckt rebels from exile,
 And mollifie the slaughtering Galliglasfe ;
 And when my flowing numbers they reherse,
 Let wolues and beares be charmed with my verse.

To

To Despaire.

Sonnet 26.

I Euer loue, where neuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuer-hoping care,
And my lifes hope would die but for dispaire,
My neuer-certaine ioy, breeds euer-certaine feares,
Vncertaine-dread, giues wings vnto my hope,
Yet my hopes wings are loaden so with feare,
As they cannot ascend to my hopes spheare,
Yet feare giues them more than a heauenly scope ;
Yet this large roome is bounded with dispaire,
So my loue is still fettered with vaine hope,
And libertie depriues him of his scope,
And thus am *I* imprisond in the aire ;
Then sweet despaire, a while holde vp thy head,
Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

To Fantasie. Sonnet 27.

I Gaue my faith to Loue, Loue his to me,
That he and *I* sworne brothers should remaine,
Thus faith receiu'd, faith giuen backe againe,
Who would imagine bond more sure could be ?
Loue flies to her, yet holdes he my faith taken,
As from my vertue raising my offence,
Making me guiltie by mine innocence ;
And onelie bond by being so forsaken,
He makes her aske what *I* before had vow'd,
Giuing her that, which he had giuen mee,
I bound by him, and he by her made free.
Who euer so hard breach of faith allowd ?
Speake you that should of right & wrong discusse,
Was right ere wrongd, or wrong ere righted thus ?
Son-

Sonnet 28.

TO such as saie, thy loue / ouer-prife,
 And doe not sticke to terme my praises follie,
 Against these folkes that thinke themselues so wise,
 / thus appose my force of reason wholie,
 Though / giue more, then well affords my state,
 In which expenſe the moſt ſuppoſe me vaine,
 Would yeeld them nothing at the eaſieſt rate,
 Yet at this price, returnes me trebble gaine,
 The value not vnſkilfull how to vſe,
 And / giue much, becauſe I gaine thereby,
 / that thus take, or they that thus reſuſe
 Whether are theſe deceiued then, or / ?
 In eu'rie thing / holde this maxime ſtill,
 The circumſtance doth make it good or ill.

To the Sences. Sonnet 29.

WHen conqu'ring loue did firſt my hart aſſaile,
 Vnto mine aide / ſommond euerie ſence,
 Doubting if that prowde tirant ſhould preuaile,
 My hart ſhould ſuffer for mine eies offence ;
 But he with beautie firſt corrupted ſight,
 My hearing bribde with her tongues harmonie,
 My taſte by her ſweete lippes drawne with delight,
 My ſmelling wonne with her breaths ſpicerie ;
 But when my touching came to plaie his part,
 (The King of ſences, greater than the reſt)
 He yeeldes loue vp the keis vnto my hart,
 And tells the other how they ſhould be bleſt :
 And thus by thoſe of whome / hopde for aide,
 To cruell loue my ſoule was firſt betraide.

Son-

To the Vestalls. Sonnet 30.

THose Priests which first the Vestall fire begun,
Which might be borrowed from no earthly flame,
Deuifde a vessell to receiue the Sunne,
Being stedfastly opposed to the same ;
Where, with sweete wood, laide curiously by Arte,
Whereon the Sunne might by reflexion beate,
Receiuing strength from euerie secret part,
Theuell kindled with celestiall heate.
Thy blessed eies, the Sunne which lights this fire,
My holie thoughts, they be the Vestall flame,
The precious odours be my chaste desire,
My breast the uell which includes the same ;
Thou arte my *Vesta*, thou my goddesse art,
Thy halowed temple onlie is my hart.

Sonnet 31.

ME thinks I see some crooked Mimicke jeere,
And taxe my Muse with this fantasticke grace,
Turning my papers, askes, what haue we heere ?
Making withall, some filthie antike face ;
I feare no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one jote of vigor lose,
Thinkst thou my wit shall keepe the packe-horse way,
That eu'rie dudgeon lowe inuention goes ?
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are imprest,
And eu'rie drudge doth dull our satiate eare,
Thinkst thou my Loue shall in those ragges be drest,
That eu'rie dowdie, eu'rie trull doth weare ?
Vnto my pitch no common iudgement flies,
I scorne all earthlie dung-bred scarabies.

Son-

To the riuer Ankor.

Sonnet 32. (crowned,

O Vr floudes Queene *Thames*, for ships & fwans is
And stately *Seuerne* for her shoares is praised,
The cristall *Trent*, for Foords and Fish renowned,
And *Auons* fame, to *Albions* cliues is raied.
Carlegion Chester, vaunts her holie *Dee*,
Yorke manie wonders of her *Owse* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Doue*, whose bankes so fertile bee,
And *Kent* will saie, her *Medway* doth excell,
Cotswold commends her *Ijs* and her *Tame*,
Our northerne borders boast of *Tweed*s faire floud,
Our westerne parts extoll her *Wilis* fame,
And olde *Legea* brags of *Danish* bloud ;
 *Arden*s sweete *Ankor* let thy glorie bee,
 That faire *Idea* she doth liue by thee.

To Imagination. Sonnet 33.

W Hilft yet mine eies doe surfet with delight,
My wofull hart imprisond in my brest,
Wifheth to be transformed in my sight,
That it like those, by looking might be blest,
But whilst mine eies thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their obiects ouer-soone departe,
These now the others happines doe praise,
Wifhing themselues that they had bin my hart ;
That eies were hart, or that the hart were eies,
As couetous the others vse to haue ;
But finding reason, their request denies,
This to each other mutually they craue ;
 That since the one cannot the other bee,
 That eies could thinke, or that my hart could see.

C c

Son-

To Admiration. Sonnet 34.

MAruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Rauisht a world beyond the farthest thought,
That knowing more than euer hath bin taught,
That *I* am onelie staru'd in my desire ;
Maruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisedomes felse to minister direction,
That *I* am onelie staru'd in my desire ;
Maruell not Loue, though *I* thy power admire,
Though my conceit *I* further seeme to bend,
Than possibly inuention can extend,
And yet am onelie staru'd in my desire ;
If thou wilt wonder, heere's the wonder Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

To Miracle. Sonnet 35.

Some misbelieuing, and prophane in loue,
When *I* doe speake of miracles by thee,
May say that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onelie write, my skill in verse to proue.
See miracles, ye vnbeleeuing fee,
A dumb-borne Muse, made to expresse the minde,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kinde,
One by thy name, the other touching thee ;
Blinde were mine eies, till they were seene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices curde, my vertues sprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had line :
All vncleane thoughts, foule spirits cast out in mee,
Onely by vertue that proceedes from thee.

Son-

To Wonder. Sonnet 36.

Reading sometime, my sorrowes to beguile,
I finde olde Poets hills and floods admire,
One, he doth wonder monfter-breeding *Nyle*,
Another maruells sulphure *Ætnaes* fire.
Now broad-brimd *Indus*, then of *Pindus* height,
Pelion and *Ossa*, frostie *Caucaſe* olde,
The *Delian Cinthus*, then *Olympus* weight,
Slow *Arrer*, franticke *Gallus*, *Cydnus* colde.
Some *Ganges*, *Iſter*, and of *Tagus* tell,
Some whirle-pooles *Po*, and ſliding *Hypaſis*,
Some olde *Pernaffus* where the Muſes dwell,
Some *Helicon*, and ſome faire *Simois* ;
A fooles thinke I, had you *Idea* ſeene, (beene.
Poore brookes and bankes, had no ſuch woonders

Sonnet 37.

Deere, why ſhould you commaund me to my reſt,
When now the night doth ſommon all to ſleepe ?
Me thinkes this time becommeth Louers beſt,
Night was ordaind together friends to keepe,
How happie are all other liuing things,
Which though the daie diſioyne by ſeuerall flight,
The quiet euening yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his loue at night.
O thou that arte ſo curteous vnto all,
Whie ſhouldeſt thou Night abuſe me onelie thus,
That euerie creature to his kinde dooſt call,
And yet tis thou dooſt onelie ſeuer vs :
Well could I wiſh it would be euer daie,
If when night comes you bid me goe awaie.

C c 2

Son-

Sonnet 38.

Sitting alone, Loue bids me goe and write,
Reason pluckes backe, commanding me to staie,
Boasting that she dooth stil direct the waie,
Or else loue were vnable to indite ;
Loue growing angrie, vexed at the spleene,
And scorning Reasons maimed argument,
Strait taxeth Reason, wanting to inuent,
Where she with Loue conuersing hath not beene,
Reason reproched with this coy disdaine,
Dispiteth Loue, and laugheth at her follie,
And Loue contemning Reasons reason wholie,
Thought it in weight too light by manie a graine.
Reason put backe, doth out of sight remoue,
And Loue alone findes reason in my loue.

Sonnet 39.

Some, when in time they of their loue doe tell,
With flames and lightning their exordiums paint,
Some call on heauen, some inuocate on hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint,
Elisium is too high a seate for me,
I will not come in *Stix* or *Phlegiton*,
The thrice three Muses but too wanton be,
Like they that lust, I care not, *I* wil none.
Spitefull *Errinis* frights me with her lookes,
My manhoode dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Heccats* charming bookes,
I stil feare bug-beares in *Apolloes* Cell.
I passe not for *Minerua*, nor *Astrea*,
Onelie *I* call vpon diuine *Idea*.

Son-

Sonnet. 40.

MY heart the anuile where my thoughts do beate,
 My words the hammers fashioning my desire,
 My breast the forge, including all the heate,
 Loue is the fuell which maintaines the fire :
 My sighes the bellowes which the same increaseth,
 Filling mine eares with noife and nightly groning,
 Toiling with paine, my labour neuer ceaseth,
 In grieuous passions my woes still bemoning :
 Mine eyes with teares against the fire struiuing,
 Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth ;
 But with those drops, the flame againe reuiuing,
 Still more and more vnto my torment burneth :
 With *Sisiphus* thus do I role the stone,
 And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*

Sonnet. 41.

WHY do I speake of ioy, or write of loue,
 When my heart is the very den of horror,
 And in my soule the paines of hell I proue,
 With all his torments and infernall terror ?
 What should I say, what yet remains to doe ?
 My braine is drie with weeping all too long,
 My sighes be spent in vttring of my woe,
 And I want words wherewith to tell my wrong :
 But still distracted in Loues lunacie,
 And bedlam-like thus rauing in my griefe,
 Now raile vpon her haire, now on her eye,
 Now call her Goddesse, then I call her theefe ;
 Now I deny her, then I do confesse her,
 Now do I curse her, then againe I blesse her.

C c 3

Sonnet

Sonnet. 42.

Some men there be which like my method well,
 And do commend the strangenes of my vaine,
 Some say, I haue a passing pleasing straine,
 Some say, that in my humor I excell :
 Some, who not kindely relish my conceit,
 They say (as Poets doe) I vse to faine,
 And in bare words paint out my passions paine.
 Thus fundry men their fundry mindes repeate ;
 I passe not I, how men affected be,
 Nor who commends, or discommends my verse,
 It pleafeth me, if *I* my woes rehearse,
 And in my lines, if she my loue may see :
 Onely my comfort still consists in this,
 Writing her praise, *I* cannot write amisse.

Sonnet. 43.

(grace,
 Why should your faire eyes with such foueraine
 Dispearfe their raies on euery vulgar spirit,
 Whilst *I* in darkenes in the selfesame place,
 Get not one glance to recompence my merit :
 So doth the plow-man gaze the wandring starre,
 And onely rests contented with the light,
 That neuer learnd what constellations are,
 Beyond the bent of his vnknowing sight.
 O why should beautie (custome to obey)
 To their grosse fence applie her selfe so ill ?
 Would God *I* were as ignorant as they,
 When *I* am made vnhappy by my skill ;
 Onely compeld on this poore good to boast,
 Heauens are not kind to thē that know them most.
 Sonnet

Sonnet. 44.

WHilst thus my pen striues to eternize thee,
 Age rules my lines with wrinckles in my face,
 Where in the map of all my miserie,
 Is modeld out the worlde of my disgrace,
 Whilst in despight of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like I make thee yong againe,
 Prowdly thou scornst my world-outwearing rimes,
 And murder'st Vertue with thy coy disdain ;
 And though in youth, my youth vntimely perish,
 To keepe thee from obliuion and the graue,
 Enfuing ages yet my rimes shall cherish,
 When I entomb'd my better part shall saue ;
 And though this earthly bodie fade and die,
 My name shall mount vpon eternitie.

Sonnet. 45.

MVses which sadly fit about my chaire,
 Drownd in the teares extorted by my lines,
 With heauie sighes whilst thus I breake the aire,
 Painting my passions in these sad diffignes ;
 Since she disdaines to blesse my happie verse,
 The strong-built Trophies to her liuing fame,
 Euer henceforth my bosome be your hearse,
 Wherein the world shall now entombe the name ;
 Enclose my musicke you poore senselesse walls,
 Sith she is deafe and will not heare my mones,
 Soften your selues with euerie teare that falls,
 Whilst I like *Orpheus* sing to trees and stones ;
 - Which with my plaint seeme yet with pittie moued,
 Kinder then she who I so long haue liued.

C c 4

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 46.

PLain-path'd Experience the vnlearneds guide,
Her simple followers euidently shewes,
Sometime what schoolemen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise Reason absolutely knowes :
In making triall of a murther wrought,
If the vile actor of the heinous deede,
Neere the dead bodie happily be brought,
Oft hath been prou'd the breathlesse coarfe wil bleed;
She comming neere that my poore hart hath slaine,
Long since departed (to the world no more)
The auncient wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding as they did before :
But what of this? should she to death be led,
It furthers iustice, but helps not the dead.

Sonnet. 47.

IN pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring pen.
And first the sound and vertue of my name,
Won grace and credite in the eares of men :
With those the thronged Theaters that presse,
I in the circuite for the Lawrell stroue,
Where the full praise I freely must confesse,
In heate of blood and modest minde might moue :
With showts and claps at euerie little pause,
When the proud round on euerie side hath rung,
Sadly I sit vnmo'd with the applawse,
As though to me it nothing did belong :
No publique glorie vainely I pursue,
The praise I strive, is to eternize you.

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 48.

C*upid*, dumbe Idoll, peeuish faint of Loue,
 No more shalt thou nor faint nor idoll be,
 No god art thou, Loues goddesse she doth proue,
 Of all thine honour she hath robbed thee :
 Thy bow olde broke, is peecede with halfe desire,
 Her bow is beautie with ten thousand strings,
 And euery one of purest golden wire ;
 The least, of force to conquer hoasts of Kings :
 Thy shafts be spent, and she (to war appoynted)
 Hides in those Cristall quiuers of her eyes,
 More arrowes with hart-piercing mettle pointed,
 Then there be starres at mid-night in the skies :
 With these she steales mens harts for her releefe,
 Yet happie he that's robd of such a theefe.

Sonnet. 49.

THou leaden braine which censur'st what I write
 And saist my lines be dull, and do not moue,
 I maruaile not thou feel'st not my delight,
 Which neuer feltst my fierie tuch of loue :
 But thou whose pen hath like a Packe-horse seru'd,
 Whose stomacke vnto gaule hath turnd thy food,
 Whose senses like poore prisners hunger-staru'd,
 Whose greefe hath parch'd thy body, dride thy blood;
 Thou which hast scorned life, and hated death,
 And in a moment mad, sober, glad and sorie,
 Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and curst thy
 With thousand plagues more then in purgatory, (birth
 Thou thus whose spirit Loue in his fire refines,
 Come thou and reade, admire and plawd my lines.
 Sonnet.

Sonnet. 50.

AS in some Countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature destined to die,
Hauing the iudgement due to his offence,
By Surgeons begg'd, their Art on him to trie :
Which on the liuing worke without remorse,
First make incision on each maistring vaine,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transperce the coarse,
And with their balmes recure the wounds againe,
Then poison and with Phisicke him restore,
Not that they feare the hopelesse man to kill,
But their experience to encrease the more ;
Euen so my Mistresse works vpon my ill,
By curing me, and killing me each howre,
Onely to shew her beauties soueraigne powre.

Sonnet. 51.

CALLING minde since first my loue begunne,
Th'incertaine times oft varying in their course,
How things still vnexpectedly haue runne,
As please the fates, by their resistlesse force :
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly haue seene,
Essex great fall, *Tyrone* his peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire entrance, and our peace with *Spaine*,
We and the Dutch at length our selues to seuer,
Thus the world doth, and euermore shall reele,
Yet to my goddesse am I constant euer ;
How ere blind fortune turne her giddie wheele :
Though heauen & earth proue both to me vntrue,
Yet am I still inuiolate to you.

An

An alusion to Dedalus and Icarus.

Sonnet 52.

MY heart imprisoned in a hopelesse Ile,
Peopled with Armies of pale jealous eyes,
The shores beset with thousand secret spies,
Must passe by ayre, or else die in exile ;
He framde him wings with feathers of his thought,
Which by their nature learnd to mount the skie,
And with the same he practised to flie,
Till he himselfe this Eagles Art had taught :
Thus soaring still, not looking once below,
So neere thine eyes celestiall sunne aspired,
That with the raies his waisting pineons fired :
This was the wanton cause of his owne woe,
Downe fell he in thy beauties Ocean drenched,
Yet there he burnes in fire that's neuer quenched.

Another to the Riuer Ankor. Sonnet 53.

CLeere Ankor, on whose siluer-fanded shore,
My soule-shrin'd saint, my faire *Idea* lies,
O blessed brooke, whose milke-white swans adore
That cristall streame refined by her eyes,
Where sweet mirrh-breathing *Zephire* in the spring,
Gently distills his Nectar-dropping showers,
Where Nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
Amongst the daintie dew-impearled flowers ;
Say thus faire Brooke, when thou shalt see thy Queene,
Loe heere thy shepheard spent his wandring yeeres ;
And in these shades deere Nymph he oft hath beene,
And heere to thee he sacrificde his teares :
Faire Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou sweete Ankor art my Helicon.

Sonnet

Sonnet. 54.

YEt reade at last the story of my woe,
 The dreary abstracts of my endlesse cares,
 With my like sorrow enterlined so,
 Smoked with my sighes, and blotted with my teares ;
 The sad memorialls of my miseries,
 Pend in the griefe of mine afflicted ghost ;
 My lifes complaint in dolefull Elegies,
 With so pure loue as time could neuer boast :
 Receiue the incence which *I* offer heere,
 By my strong faith ascending to thy fame,
 My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praise, my praier,
 My foules oblations to thy sacred name :
 Which name my Muse to highest heauen shal raise,
 By chaste desire, true loue, and vertues praise.

Sonnet 55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt register my loue,
 More then worlds volumes shall thereof arise ;
 Preferue my teares, and thou thy selfe shalt proue,
 A second flood downe raining from mine eyes :
 Note but my sighes, and thine eyes shall behold,
 The sun-beames smothered with immortall smoke ;
 And if by thee my praiers may be enrold,
 They heauen and earth to pittie shall prouoke ;
 Looke thou into my breast, and thou shalt see,
 Chaste holy vowes for my foules sacrifice,
 That soule(sweete Maide) which so hath honored thee,
 Erecting Trophies to thy sacred eyes ;
 Those eyes to my hart shining euer bright,
 When darkenes hath obscurde each other light.

Sonnet

An allusion to the Eglets.

Sonnet 56.

MY thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of loue,
And for their vertues I desirde to know ;
Vpon the neast I set them forth, to proue
If they were of the Eagles kinde, or no.
But they no sooner sawe my sunne appeare,
But on her raies with gazing eyes they stooode,
Which proou'd my birds delighted in the aire,
And that they came of this rare kingly broode.
But now their plumes full summe with sweete desire,
To shew their kinde, beganne to clime the skies :
Doe what I could, my Eglets would aspire,
Strait mounting vp to thy celestiall eies.
And thus (my Faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my breast into thine eies be gone.

Sonnet 57.

You best discern'd of my interior eies,
And yet your graces outwardly diuine,
Whose deare remembrance in my bosome lies,
Too rich a relique for so poore a shrine :
You in whome Nature chose herselfe to view,
When she her owne perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her excellence on you ;
At whose pure eies Loue lights his halowed fire,
Euen as a man that in some traunce hath seene,
More than his wondring vttrance can vnfolde,
That rapt in spirite in better worlds hath beene,
So must your praise distractedly be tolde ;
Most of all short, when I should shew you most,
In your perfections altogether lost.

Son-

Sonnet. 58.

IN former times, such as had store of coyne,
 In warres at home, or when for conquests bound,
 For feare that some their treasures should purloyne,
 Gaue it to keepe to spirites within the ground ;
 And to attend it, them so strongly tide,
 Till they return'd, home when they neuer came,
 Such as by art to get the same haue tride,
 From the strong spirite by no means get the fame,
 Neerer you come, that further flies away,
 Striuing to holde it strongly in the deepe :
 Euen as this spirit, so she alone doth play,
 With those rich Beauties heauen giues her to keepe :
 Pitty so left, to coldenes of her blood,
 Not to auaille her, nor doe others good.

To Prouerb. Sonnet 59.

AS Loue and I, late harbourde in one Inne,
 With Prouerbs thus each other entertaine ;
In loue there is no lacke, thus I beginne :
Faire wordes makes fooles, replieth he againe :
That spares to speake, doth spare to speede (quoth I)
As well (saith he) too forward as too slowe.
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply :
A hastie man (quoth he) ne're wanted woe.
Labour is light, where loue (quoth I) doth pay,
(Saith he) light burthens heauy, if farre borne :
(Quoth I) the maine lost, cast the by away :
You haue spunne a faire thred, he replies in scorne.
 And hauing thus a while each other thwarted,
 Fooles as we met, so fooles againe we parted.

Son-

Sonnet 60.

DEfine my loue, and tell the ioyes of heauen,
Expresse my woes, and shew the paines of hell,
Declare what fate vnluckie starres haue giuen,
And aske a world vpon my life to dwell.
Make knowne that faith, vnkindnes could not moue ;
Compare my worth with others base defart,
Let vertue be the tuch-stone of my loue,
So may the heauens reade wonders in my hart ;
Beholde the cloudes which haue eclipsde my sunne,
And view the crosses which my course doth let ;
Tell me, if euer since the world begunne,
So faire a rising had so foule a set :
And by all meanes, let foule vnkindnes proue,
And shew a second to so pure a loue.

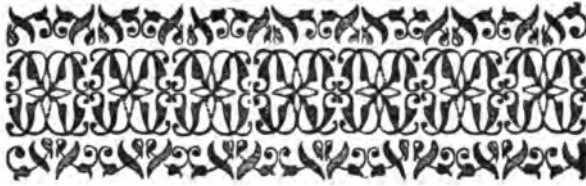
Sonnet 61.

WHen first *I* ended, then *I* first beganne,
The more *I* trauell, further from my rest,
Where most *I* lost, there most of all *I* wanne,
Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.
Me thinkes *I* flee, yet want *I* legs to goe,
Wife in conceit, in act a very sot,
Rauisht with ioy amidst a hell of woe,
What most *I* seeme, that surest am *I* not.
I build my hopes a world aboue the skie,
Yet with the Mole *I* creepe into the earth.
In plenty am *I* staru'd with penurie,
And yet *I* surffet in the greatest dearth :
I haue, *I* want, dispaire, and yet desire,
Burn'd in a sea of ice, and drown'd amidst a fire.
Son-

Sonnet 62.

TRuce gentle Loue, a parlee now *I* craue,
Me thinks tis long since first these warres begun,
Nor thou nor I, the better yet can haue :
Bad is the match where neither party wonne.
I offer free conditions of faire peace,
My heart for hostage, that it shall remaine,
Discharge our forces heere, let malice cease,
So for my pledge, thou giue me pledge againe.
Or if nothing but death will serue thy turne,
Still thirsting for subuersion of my state ;
Doe what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burne,
Let the world see the vtmost of thy hate :
I send defiance, since if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine owne.

Certaine



Certaine other Sonnets to great
and worthy Personages.

To the high and mightie Prince, Iames king of Scots.

Sonnet 61.

Not thy graue Counsells, nor thy subiects loue,
Not all that famous Scottish royaltie,
Or what thy soueraigne greatnes may approue,
Others in vaine doe but historifie,
When thine owne glory from thy selfe doth spring,
As though thou didst all meaner praises scorne :
Of Kings a Poet, and the Poets King,
They Princes, but thou Prophets doost adorne ;
Whilst others by their Empires are renown'd,
Thou doost enrich thy *Scotland* with renowne,
And Kings can but with diadems be crown'd,
But with thy laurell thou doost crowne thy Crowne;
That they whose pens(euen) life to Kings do giue,
In thee a King, shall seeke themselues to liue.

D d T

To Lucy Countesse of Bedford. Son. 61.

Great Lady, essence of my chiefeſt good,
Of the moſt pure and fineſt tempered ſpirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, ennobled by thy blood,
Which by deſcent true vertue dooſt inherit :
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
Which thou by birth tak'ſt from thy gracious mother,
Whoſe royall mindes with equall motion ſtrive,
Which moſt in honour ſhall excell the other ;
Vnto thy fame my Muſe herſelfe ſhall taſke,
Which rainſt vpon me thy ſweete golden ſhowers,
And but thy ſelfe, no ſubiect will I aſke,
Vpon whoſe praife my ſoule ſhall ſpend her powers.
Sweet Lady yet, grace this poore Muſe of mine,
Whoſe faith, whoſe zeal, whoſe life, whoſe al is thine.

To the Lady Anne Harington.

Sonnet. 62.

MAdam, my words cannot expreſſe my minde,
My zealous kindnes to make knowne to you,
When your deſerts all ſeuerally I finde ;
In this attempt of me do craue their due :
Your gracious kindenes firſt doth claime my hart,
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each doe challenge part,
And leaue me thus the leaſt that is mine owne :
What ſhould commend your modeſty and wit,
Is by your wit and modeſty commended,
And ſtandeth dumbe, in moſt admiring it,
And where it ſhould begin, is onely ended ;
Returning this your praifes onely due,
And to your ſelfe, ſay you are onely you.

To

To the Lady L.S. Sonet 63.

Right starre of Beautie, on whose eie-lids sit,
A thousand Nymph-like and enamoured graces,
The goddeses of memorie and wit,
Which in due order take their feuerall places,
In whose deere bosome, sweete delicious loue,
Layes downe his quiuer, that he once did beare,
Since he that blessed Paradice did proue,
Forfooke his mothers lap to sport him there.
Let others striue to entertaine with wordes,
My soule is of another temper made ;
I holde it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith shall not inuade :
Still let my praise be honoured thus by you,
Be you most worthie, whilst I be most true.

To fir Anthonie Cooke. Sonet 64.

Vouchsafe to grace these rude vnpollisht rimes,
Which but for you had slept in sable night,
And come abroade now in these glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the purenes of the light.
But sith you see their destenie is such,
That in the world their fortune they must try,
Perhaps they better shall abide the tuch,
Wearing your name their gracious liuerie.
Yet these mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor traffike further then this happy clime,
Nor filch from *Portes*, nor from *Petrarchs* pen,
A fault too common in this latter time ;
Diuine fir *Philip*, I auouch thy writ,
I am no picke-purse of anothers wit.

Finis.

D d 2



The Legend of Robert Duke *of Normandie.*

W^Hat time soft night had silently begunne,
To steale by minutes on the long-liu'd daies,
The furious dogge pursuing of the funne,
Whose noysome breath addes feruor to his raies,
That to the earth sends many a sad disease :
Which then inflam'd with his intemperate fires,
Her selfe in light habiliments attires.

When the rathe morning newly but awake,
Scarfe with fresh beautie burnished her browes,
Her selfe beholding in the generall Lake,
(To which she paies her neuer-ceasing vowes,)
With the new day me willingly to rowze ;
Downe to faire *Thames* I softly tooke my way,
Where the milde windes continually do play.

Striuing to fancie his chaste breast to moue,
Whereas all pleasures plentifully flowe,
When him along the wanton tide doth shoue,
And to keepe backe they easily doe blow,
Still meete him comming, thinking him too flowe :
He forcing waues to checke their hote imbrace,
They fanning breath vpon his cristall face.

Still

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Still forward fallying from his bounteous source,
Along the shores lasciuiously doth straine,
And often times retreating in his course,
As to his fountaine he would backe againe,
Or turnde to looke vpon his siluer traine ;
With coy regards the goodly foile he greetes,
Till with faire Medway happily he meetes.

Steering my compasse by the wandring streame,
Whose flight might teach metimes ne'r-turning howrs,
Delighted thus as in a pretty dreame,
Where pleasure wholly had possesst my powres ;
Yet looking backe on *London*s climbing Towres,
So *Troy*, thought I, her stately head did reare,
Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plow doth eire.

Wearie at length, a willow-tree I found,
Which on the banke of this great torrent flood,
Whose roote, with rich grasse greatly did abound,
(Forc'd by the moisture of the surging flood)
Ordain'd it seemde to sport her Nimphish brood ;
Whose curled top denied the heauens great eye,
To view the stocke he was maintained by.

The Larke that learnes obseruance to the Sunne,
Quauers her cleere notes in the quiet ayre,
That on the riuers murmuring base doth runne,
And the pleasde heauens, their fairest liuery ware,
The place such pleasure gently doth prepare ;
The flowers my scent, the flood my taste to steepe,
Each sence thus sated, lulled me asleepe.

D d 3 When

The Legend of

When in a dreame it seemed vnto me,
Triumphall musicke from the flood arofe,
As when the Soueraigne we embargde do see,
And by faire *London* for his pleasure rowes,
Whose tender welcome the glad Cittie shoves ;
The people swarming thicke vpon the shores,
And the curlede water ouer-spread with oares.

A troupe of Nimphs came suddainely on land,
In the full end of this triumphall found,
And me incompast, taking hand in hand,
Casting themselues about me in a round,
And so downe set them on the easie ground ;
Their sober eyes cast with a modest grace,
Vpon my swarth and melancholy face.

Next, twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from some distressefull place,
To me who seemed some right worthy wight,
Though his attire was miserable base,
Many deepe furrowes in his manly face ;
And though cold age had frosted his faire haire,
It rather seemde with forrow then with yeares.

The one a Lady of a princely port,
Leading this sad Lord, scarcely that could stand,
The other fleering in disdainefull sort,
With scornefull iestures drew him by the hand,
Who lame and blinde, yet bound with many a band ;
Which (I perceiued nearer as they came)
That this was Fortune, that more constant fame.
Fame

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Fame on the right hand in a robe of golde,
Whose traine old Time obsequiously did beare,
Whereon in rich Embraudry was enrolde,
The acts of all the worthies euer weare, .
Which all might reade depainted liuely there,
Set downe in loftie well composed verse,
Firſt the great deedes of Heroes to rehearſe.

On her faire breast ſhe two broad Tablets wore,
Of criſtall th'one, the other Ebony,
Where were ingrauen all the names of yore,
In the large Toombe of laſting memory,
Or the blacke booke of endleſſe obloquy ;
The firſt with Poets and with Conquerours pilde,
That with baſe worldlings euery where defilde.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her instant force and after-during might,
Which ſoftly fpoke, farre off were heard to thunder,
About the world that quickly tooke their flight,
And brought the moſt obſcureſt things to light :
That ſtill the farther off, the greater ſtill
Did ſound our good, or manifeſt our ill .

Fortune, as blinde as he whom ſhe did leade,
Her feature often changing in an hower,
Fantaſtically carying her head,
Soone would ſhe ſmile, and ſodainely would lower,
And with one breath, her words both ſweete & ſower
Vpon her foes ſhe amorouſly would glance,
And on her followers coily looke askance.

D d 4 About

The Legend of

About her necke in manner of a chaine,
Torne diadems and broken scepters hung,
If any on her stedfastly did leane,
Them to the ground disdainefully she flung ;
And in this order as shee passd along,
Great bags of gold out of her bosome drew,
Which to the vnworthiest euermore she threw.

A duskie vaile which hid her sightlesse eyes,
Like clowdes that couer our vncertaine liues,
Wherein were portraide direfull tragedies,
Fooles wearing Crownes, and wife-men clogg'd in
All things how she preposterously contriues; (giues,
That as a map her regency discouers,
In Camps, in Courts, and in the fate of louers.

An easie bancke neere to this place there was,
A seate faire *Flora* vsde to sit vpon,
Curling her faire lockes in this liquid glasse,
Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
Fitter then this about vs was there none ;
Heere set they downe this poore distressed man,
And in this fort prowd Fortune thus began.

Behold this Duke of *Normandie* quoth shee,
The heire of *William*, Conqueror of this *Ile*,
Appealing to be iustifi'd by thee,
(Whose tragedy this Poet must compile)
He of all other that I hold most vile,
His birth being markde with my vnluckie brand,
For whom *I* see thou com'st preparte to stand.
What

Robert Duke of Normandie.

What art thou but a tumor of the minde,
A bubble blowne vp with deceitfull breath,
Which neuer yet exactly wert definde,
In whom no wife man e're repofed faith,
Speaking of few well vntill after death,
That from loofe humor haft thy timelefse birth,
Vnknowne to heauen, and leffe eſteemde on earth ?

Fiſt in opinion haſt thou thy creation,
On whom thou ſtill dooſt ſeruilely attend,
Like whom thou long retainſt not any faſhion,
But with the world vncertainely dooſt wend,
Which as a poſte, doth vp and downe thee ſend ;
Without prophane tongs, thou could'ſt neuer riſe,
Not be vpholden, were it not with lies.

In euery corner prying like a theefe,
And through each cranny ſubtilely dooſt creepe,
Apt to report, and eaſie of beleefe :
What's he whoſe counſell thou didſt euer keepe,
That into cloſſets ſawcily darſt peepe ?
Telling for truth, what thou canſt but ſuppoſe,
And that divulging, thou ſhouldſt not diſcloſe.

With extreame toile and labour thou art fought,
The way is danger leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with blood thy fauour muſt be bought,
And who would haue thee, fetcheth thee from hell,
Where thou impalde with fire and ſword doſt dwell ;
And when thou art in all this perill found,
What art thou ? onely but a tinckling ſound.

Such

The Legend of

Such as the world holds (of all other) base,
And of the rest reproachfully doth scorne,
That amongst men sit in the seruilest place,
These be the creatures which thou doost subborne,
Those waite on fame, whose weedes be neerely worne:
Yet these poore wretches come not vnto thee,
Vnlesse preferre and dignifie by mee.

Thy trumpe such men supposed to aduance,
Is but as those fantastically deeme,
Whom folly, youth, or vanity intrance,
Onely to found sufficing but to seeme,
(Which the wise fort a dotage but esteeme ;)
And with this toy the humerous abusing,
Their wilfull error, and thy fault excusing.

Except in perill thou doost not appeare,
And yet not then, but with intreates and wooing,
Flying oft times when thou art very neare
At hand, diminishd and augmented going,
On lightest things the greatest cost bestowing ;
In promising their losses to repaire,
When the performance is but onely ayre.

On balefull hearfes as the fittest grounds,
(Written with blood) thy sad memorialls lie,
Whose letters are immedicable wounds,
Onely fit obiects for the weeping eye,
And from the dust thou worth doost only try ;
And when sometime thou falsly didst deprauae,
Thou doost acknowledge onely in the graue.
The

Robert Duke of Normandie.

The mighty Orbe is witnesse of my power,
And how I raigne with the eternall fates,
With whom I sit in counsell euery howre,
On th'alterations of the times and states,
Them setting downe their changes and their dates,
In fore-apointing euery thing to come,
Vntill the great and vniuerfall doome.

The starres to me an euerlasting booke,
In that eternall register the skie,
Whose mighty volumes I do ouer-looke,
Still turning o're the leaues of destinie ;
Which man I to inuiolate, denie,
And his fraile will imperiously controle,
By such strong claufes as I there enrole.

Predestination giuing me a being,
Whose depth manswit could neuer throughly found,
Into those secrets haue I onely seeing,
Wherein wise Reason doth herselfe confound,
Searching where doubts do more and more abound ;
Where sacred texts vnlocke the way to mee,
To lighten those that will my glory see.

What names old Poets to their gods did giue,
Were onely figures to expresse my might,
To shew the vertues that in me do liue,
And my great power in this all-mouuing wight,
And all their altars vnto me were dight ;
Whose alterations euermore did bring,
Matter whereon continually they sing.

Still

The Legend of

Still most vncertaine varying in my course,
Yet in all changes aime one certaine end,
Crossing mans fore-cast (he may know my force)
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend,
To him least thought of, soonest I do send ;
That all should finde I worthily bestow,
Nor reason vrge, but that *I* hold it so.

Forth of my lap I powre abundant blisse,
All good proceedes from my all-giuing hand,
By me, many happy or vnhappy is ;
For whom I sticke, or whom *I* doe withstand,
And it is *I* am friendships onely band ;
And vpon which, all greedily take hold,
VVhich being broke, loue suddainely growes cold.

Pawfing, she frownes, when suddainely withall,
A fearefull noife arifeth from the flood,
As when a tempest furiously doth fall,
Within the thicke waste of some antient wood,
That in amazement euery mortall stooode ;
As though her words such powerfulnesse did beare,
That euery thing her minaces did feare.

VVhen fame yet smiling, mildely thus replies,
Alas quoth she, what labor thou hast lost,
What wond'rous mists thou casts before our eyes ?
Yet will the gaine not counteruaile the cost ;
What wouldst thou say if thou hadst cause to boast,
Which sett'ft thy state forth in such wond'rous fort,
VVhich but thy selfe, none euer could report ?

A

Robert Duke of Normandie.

A thing constrained onely by euent,
Breeding in some a transitory terror ;
A, what men will, that comes by accident,
And onely named to excuse their error.
What then is Fortune ? or who doth preferre her ?
Or who to thee so foolish is to leane,
Which weake tradition onely doth maintaine ?

A toy whereon the doting world doth dreame,
Soothed by that vncertaine obseruation
Of all attempts, that being the extreame,
Fastneth thereby on weake imagination ;
Yet notwithstanding all this vsurpation,
Vnto thy selfe art incidently loathing
Most, when thou woldst be, that art rightly nothing.

That slightly by insinuating thus,
And vnder so allowable pretence,
Closely incroacheth on mans *Genius*,
In good and euil taking residence,
And hauing got some small preheminance,
Vnto thy selfe a being that wouldst frame,
Findes in conclusion only but a name.

Those ignorant which made a god of Nature,
And Natures God diuinely neuer knew,
Were those to Fortune did direct a stature,
From whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
Which being adored foolishly by few,
Grounded thy looser and vncertaine lawes,
Vpon so weake and indigent a cause.

First

The Legend of

First, slouth did beare thee in her sleepe cell,
And thee with ease dishonourably fed,
Deliuering thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with base thoughts continually thee bred,
By superstition idely being led :
 A lewd imposture after did thee make,
 Whom for a goddesse fooles doe onely take.

And as thy followers, nothing doost forecast,
And as thou arte improuident, as light ;
And this the chiefeft property thou haft,
That againft vertue thou bendst all thy might,
With whom thou wagest a continuall fight ;
 The yeelding spirite in fetters thou doost binde,
 But weake and flauish to the constant minde.

Such is thy froward and malignant kinde,
That thou doost all things crossely in despight,
Thou art inamored of a barbarous hinde,
Whome thou doost make thy onely fauorite,
None but the base in basenesse doth delight ;
 For wert thou heauenly, thou in loue wouldst bee,
 With that which neereft doth resemble thee.

But I alone the herauld am of heauen,
Whose spacious kingdome stretcheth farre and wide,
To euery coast as swift as lightning driuen,
And on the funne-beames gloriously I ride ;
Now mount I vp, now downe againe I slide :
 I register the worlds eternall howres,
 That know the hid will of th'immortall powres.

Men

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Men to the starres, me guiding them, do clime,
That all dimensions perfectly expresse,
And I alone the vanquisher of time,
Bearing that sweete that cures deaths bitternesse,
That doe all labour plentifully blesse,
That all obstruse profundities impart,
Leading man through the tedious wayes of Arte.

My pallace placed betwixt earth and skies,
Which many a Tower ambitiously vpbeares,
Whereof the windowes are compofde of eies,
The walles as strongly edifide of eares,
Where euery thing in heauen and earth appears,
Nothing fo softly whifpered in the round,
But through my pallace prefently doth found.

And vnder-foote floor'd all about with drummes,
The rafters trumpets admirably cleere,
Sounding alowde each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking euery where,
And all things pafte doe in remembrance beare :
The doores vnlocke with euery little breath,
And open wide with euery word man faith.

And throwout hung with armes & conquer'd spoiles,
The poftes whereon the goodly roofe doth ftand,
Are Pillars grauen with *Herculian* toiles,
Th'atchieuevements great of many a warrelike hand,
Both in the chriften'd and in heathen land ;
Done by thofe Nobles that are moft renown'd,
Which there by me immortally are crown'd.

Herein

The Legend of

Here in the bodies likenes whilst it liues,
Appere the thoughts proceeding from the minde,
To which the place a glorious habite giues,
When vnto me they freely are resignde,
To be preferu'd there, by my power refinde ;
That when the body by pale death doth perish,
Then doth this place the minds true Image cherish.

My beautie neuer fades, but as new borne,
As yeares increafe, so euer waxing yong,
My strength is not diminished, not worne,
What weakeneth all things, makes me onely strong,
Nor am I subiect vnto worldly wrong,
The rape of time I carelesly defie,
Nor am I awde by all his tyrannie.

The brow of heauen my monuments containe,
Which is the mighty register of Fame,
Which there in fire characters remaine,
The gorgeous feeling of th'immortall frame,
The Constellations publishing my name
Where my memorialls euermore abide,
In those pure bodies highly glorifide.

Fame hauing ended, Fortune next beganne,
Further to vrge what she before had said,
When (loe quoth she) duke *Robert* is the man,
Which as my prifners I in bondes do leade,
For whome thou comst against me heere to pleade,
Whome I alone depriued of his crowne,
Who can raife him that Fortune will haue downe?

A

Robert Duke of Normandie.

A fitter instance (Fame replying) none,
Then is Duke *Robert*, Fortune do thy worst,
Greater to man thy might was neuer showne,
Doing on him what euer Fortune durst ;
And since thy turne allotted thee the first,
 Proceede, see which the Norman Duke shall haue,
 Whether that Fame, or Fortune and the graue.

Quoth Fortune then, I found th'vnstedfast starre,
Whose lucklesse working limited his fate,
That mark'd his sad natiuitie with warre,
And brothers most vnnaturall debate,
Publique sedition and with priuate hate,
 And on that good his father him begunne,
 Grounded the wracke and downe-fal of this sonne.

What bounteous nature franckly did bestow,
Wherein her best she strained her to trie,
Thereby, himselfe I made him ouerthrow,
Aboue you both so powerfull am I ;
His breast to all so openly did lie,
 Iudg'd from his fashion differing so farre,
 For peace too milde, too mercifull for warre.

And yet the courage that he did inherit,
And from the greatnesse of his blood did take,
Though shrowded in so peaceable a spirit,
When now his wrong so roughly did awake,
Forthwith such furie violently brake,
 As made the world impartially to see,
 All humane actions managed by mee.
 E e That

The Legend of

That till reuenge was wholly him bereft,
Oppofde againft fo abfolute a powre,
And him to leane on nothing being left,
When danger moft him threatned to deuoure,
Vnto the period of the vtmoft howre ;
Him flattering ftill with promife of my loue,
Did make him all extremities to proue.

That whilst his father with the Norman fword,
On fruitfull *England* profprous entrance made,
I caft the proiect that this youthfull Lord,
In the meane time fhould *Normandie* inuade ;
And with as prou'd and powerfull a blade,
Him I perfwaded (constantly by this)
To make his owne yet doubtfull to be his.

That *Robert* daily in difgrace might runne,
As ftill the Conqueror towards his end did grow,
Who well in yeeres, thus vexed by his fonne,
Which now his will fo openly did fhew ;
His ftate deuifed wifely to beftow,
For his owne fafety that his daies to clofe,
He might himfelfe more quietly repofe.

And that left time might coole his weakned blood,
This luckleffe warre by lingring I fupplide,
That whilst Duke *Robert* iuftly censured ftood,
Vnder the weight of his vnnaturall pride ;
In heate of all, this Conqueror *William* dide,
Setting young *Rufus* on th'vnrightfull throne,
Leauing his eldeft ftugling for his owne.

Which

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Which in small time so many mischiefs bred,
As sundry plagues on *Williams* of-springs sent,
Attaining to so violent a head,
Which pollicie not after could preuent ;
When to destruction all things head-long went,
And in the end, as consumating all,
Was *Roberts* irrecoverable fall.

When none could prosperous *Normandie* dissuade,
From sending ensignes to the English field,
Brother opposde the brother to inuade,
Sword against sword, shield menaced to shield,
Whose equall worth to other scorne to yield ;
One arme a front, the others furious stroke,
Scepter with septer violently broke.

These sundry foiles, in both of which was sowne,
By so approu'd and fortunate a hand,
The seede to both might prosperously haue growne,
By their conioyning in a mutuall band ;
Now when these Princes opposite do stand,
What them should foster, greater wounds them lent,
Then the proud'st powre that *Europe* could haue
(sent.

Hauing my selfe wonne *William* in his life,
This conquered Realme to *Rufus* that did giue,
Getting by strength what he did leaue in strife,
Those to molest that after him should liue ;
In this aduantage cunningly I driue,
T'afflict his issue with a generall ill,
Yet th'extreame in *Robert* to fulfill.

E e 2 As

The Legend of

As when stowt *Odo* (that with *William* held,
Daily prickt forward by prowd *Lanfranks* spight,
Both powerfull Prelates rigorously compeld,
Rufus to leaue abetting *Roberts* right,
Drawing both *Mortaines* and *Mongomeries* might,
Mangling the Ile with many a greeuous scarre,
Scarcely yet cured of the former warre.

That being fet in so direct a way,
Strong friends at hand his enterprize to backe,
Ready before him when his entrance lay,
Of all supplide that he did lately lacke,
Him I perfwade the remedy to slacke,
Stopping the course which he did lately runne,
All to vndoe that he had euer done.

Thus did I stirre vp that vnkindely rage,
That did so farre preuaile vpon his blood,
And at my pleasure did againe affwage,
When now this heate in sted might him haue flood ;
Thus with his humour altred I my mood,
That first by Armes his vigor he might lose,
Which then laid down, gaue strength vnto his foes.

That by concluding this vntimely peace,
I might thereby a lingring warre beginne,
That whil't these tumults did a little cease,
Craft more aduantage cunningly might winne ;
Thus let I treason secretly in,
Giuing deceitfull Pollicie the key,
To the faire closet where his counsell lay,

Thus

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Thus reconciling outwardly a friend,
I drew an inward and a dangerous foe,
That all his wit ambitiously did lend,
To clothe his treasons in a vertuous show ;
Which were contriued so currantly to goe,
That secret mallice strengthned more and more,
Lastly, should proue more dangerous then before.

And now poore Fame, my power to thee addrest,
And thee mine onely instrument I made,
That whilst these brothers at this passe do rest,
Him to the warres I wonne thee to perswade,
With those that now were going to inuade,
With great Duke *Godfrey* pressing for his bands,
From Pagans power t'regaine the holy lands.

His youthfull humour finely thus I feed,
The meane most fit to draw him forth abroad,
When now at home his prefence most should neede,
In forraine lands to fasten his aboard,
Him in this order onely I bestow'd ;
That *William* dying, *Robert* being gone,
Henry might seate him on his brothers throne.

So sweete the founds of these aduent'rous Armes,
And euery fence so strougly they do binde,
That he hath now no feeling of his harmes,
So farre away transported in his minde,
Declaring well the greatnesse of his kinde ;
That him so high and forcibly doth beare,
As when most cause, he least his ill doth feare.

E e 3 Him

The Legend of

Him hauing throwne into eternall thrall,
Wifely fore-casting how the fame should bee,
When euery thing made fit vnto his fall,
Which none could hinder, though the most fore-see,
For which I made an instrument of thee ;
For where destruction sadly I pretend,
Mischiefe like lines, all to their centre bend.

He gone, and *William* yeelded vp the breath,
The younger *Henry* couetous of raigne,
Offered so fairely by his brothers death,
Whilst *Robert* doth in *Palestine* remaine,
And now a Kingdome easily might gaine ;
What by his power and science to perfwade,
Himselfe a Monarch absolutely made.

Whilst this great Duke imbraced is by thee,
Which thou as thine doost absolutely claime,
Finding meere shadowes onely missing mee,
And idle Castles in the ayre doth frame ;
Loe, such a mighty Monarchesse is Fame,
That what she giues, so easie is to beare,
As none therefore needes violence to feare.

Vntill returning from those holy warres,
So highly honored with the Pagans flight,
From forraigne battells vnto ciuill iarres,
And getting others for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to vse the vtmost of his might ;
With that rich sword in Pagan blood imbru'd,
Himselfe to saue by his owne friends purfu'd.
When

Robert Duke of Normandie.

When wanting summes, the sinewes of his force,
Which his great courage quickly comes to finde,
Euen in the high speede of his forward course,
So skilfully I mannaged his minde,
That I a way out readily did finde ;
 To his destruction, *Henry* to supply,
 His future safetie happily to buy.

Him by all waies to amity to winne,
Not fully yet establiſh'd as he would,
Hauing thus farre already gotten in,
Setting himſelfe ſubſtancially to hold,
By the francke offers of bewitching gold ;
 The yearely tribute from his Crowne to riſe,
 Which might all former iniuries ſuffice.

Which entertaind by confident beleefe,
By which to paſſe his purpoſes were brought,
Not yet ſuſpitiouſ of this ſecret theefe,
By which he ſoone and cunningly was caught ;
Or which the leaſt when princely *Robert* thought,
 Euen in a moment did annoy him more,
 Then all their powre could euer do before.

Which to this great Lord vtterly vnknowne,
Not vnderſtanding, eaſily could not flie,
Into his way that ſubtilly was throwne,
Which to auoide, Duke *Robert* look'd too hie,
Into good minds fraud doth the ſooneſt prie ;
 Whoſe pliant nature I ſecurely choſe,
 To worke vvhat forme it pleaſde me to diſpoſe.

E e 4

This

The Legend of

This fatall tribute cutting off the claime,
A lawfull Prince to *Englands* Empire laid,
His former right doth altogether maime,
As they agreed yeerely to be paid;
Thereon relying after being staid,
As from a fountaine plenteously did spring,
Th'efficient cause of *Roberts* ruining.

Whenas his friends so well to him that meant,
And for this day did wholly them prepare,
Seeing him thus their purpose to preuent,
And how thereby t'was like with him to fare;
Now vpon *Henry* bended all their care,
Giuing their power their peace with him to make,
Gathered at first the Norman part to take.

And I by whom yet euery thing had beene,
Since Norman *William* conquest heere begunne,
To shew my selfe the worlds emperious Queene,
Direct my course against his eldest sonne,
Things falling out disastrouly to runne,
On *Englands* part gainst *Normandie* to stand,
Conquerd but lately by the Norman hand.

The conquest *William* made vpon this Ile,
When Norman blood the Englishmen did tame,
That natiue now enriched with her stile,
Turnde with reuenge to captiuate the same,
As backe descending whence it lately came,
As Norman power did English thrall prouoke,
That Norman neckes should beare the English yoke.
For

Robert Duke of Normandie.

For which, being vp, and fallne to open Armes,
Such mortall hate betweene them daily growes,
And pressing in where deadly perill swarmes,
The angry brothers dealing furious blowes,
Backe to regaine what they before did loofe,
Either to quit him of the others thrall,
Either to rise, or euermore to fall.

Him on whome late in *Palestine* I smile,
Returnde from *Fraunce* now dreadfully I frowne,
Being calld home that chiefly is exile,
And in his kingdome onely leaues his crowne,
Him in the deluge of mischance to drowne :
Lastly, himselfe contemptfully doth lose,
Leauing his realme to his iniurious foes.

Which home to England prifner doe him bring,
Left as a spoile and prey vnto his owne,
Become her captiue should haue bin her king,
Such was the lot vpon his life was throwne,
Where he remaining in continuall mone,
Prescrib'd to one poore solitarie place,
Whose lawfull bounds the ocean did embrace,

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reason found the depth of things diuine,
The world amazed at Duke *Roberts* state,
Might thinke no might to be comparde with mine,
And all the chaunces vnto me resigne,
In *Roberts* fall apparantly to see,
Amongst the starres the strength that rests in mee.
That

The Legend of

That sword vpon him which resumes such powre,
Yet is too weake to consummate his daies,
Time, whose swift course doth euery thing deuoure,
In his most neede, prolongs him with delaies,
Whilst he his brothers tyrannie obeies,
That he in life a thousand deaths might die,
In euery course so forcible am I.

And whilst in such extreimity he lies,
Depride of all comfort but the blessed light,
Yet t'was not this that could my rage suffice,
But to abridge that, rob him of his sight,
To fute his daies directly with the night ;
That, that to all men lastly which should be,
Due to the wretchedst, him denide by me.

That *Robert* so infortunately blinde,
No outward obiekt might dispearfe his care,
The better to illuminate his minde,
To see his sorrowes throughly what they are,
To do so much vnto this Prince I dare,
That being depriu'd of that which was the chiefe,
Did of the other amplifie the grieve.

And when bereaued of his nightly rest,
With the remembrance of so great a wrong,
Fastning so deepely on his pensiue breast,
His heart the while that violently stung,
Nature in him doth shew herselfe so strong ;
That grieve, which many doth of life depriue,
Seemes to preferue and keepe him still aliue.

Him

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Him I denide his enemy to kill,
Nor by his owne hand wretchedly to die,
That life vnto him should be loathsome still,
And that death from him euermore should flie,
Making them both to him an enemie ;
 Willing to die by life, him double killing,
 Vrged to liue, twice dying he vnwilling.

So many yeares as he hath worne a Crowne,
So many yeares as he hath hopdè to rise,
So many yeares vpon him did I frowne,
So many yeares he liues without his eyes,
So many yeares in dying e're he dies,
 So many yeares shut vp in prifon strong,
 Sorrow doth make the shortest time seeme long.

Thus fway I in the courfe of earthly things,
That time might worke him euerlasting fpight,
To shew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of great ones do delight,
In fined things my working infinite ;
 All worldly changes at my will disposed,
 For that in me all wonder is inclofed.

At Fortunes speech amazed whilst they stand,
And Fame herselfe yet wondreth at his woe,
When from Duke *Robert* Fortune takes her hand,
Whose misery she thus had let them know ;
When now to answer her dispightfull foe,
 Fame from deepe silence seeming to awake,
 Thus for her Client modestly bespake.

Quoth

The Legend of

Quoth she, returning from renowned *Rome*,
Seeking my selfe in *Europe* to aduance,
To winne her Princes to regaine the tombe,
Which had beene lost by her misgouernance,
Calling to England, Germany and France
(At length) perfwaded happily by me,
From Pagan hands faire Palestine to free.

That holy hermite long that did bemone
This their so great and euident a losse,
With famous *Godfrey* forwards that was gone,
Bearing the banner of the bloody Crosse,
Now whilst in so faire forwardnes it was,
And euery care attentue now did stand,
To this great buisnes onely then in hand.

Thither did all the noblest spirites resort,
Which I that time successefully did bring,
Allured by the confident report
That from so great an enterprife did spring,
T'adventure in so popular a thing ;
And no man deemed worthy to be mine,
That was not forward in this great designe.

Where now this duke the Conqu'rors eldest sonne,
Which with his birthright *Normandie* did wrest,
When of what else his noble father wonne,
His brother *Rufus* strongly was possesse ;
Which whilst he striueth from his hands to rest,
This great attempt now gloriously broke forth,
Which was by me divulged through the north.
Which

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Which hauing got free entrance to his eare,
Such entertainment happily did finde,
As no perswasion suffreth to be there,
From this high purpose to diuert his minde,
And being so religiously inclinde,
Woo'd with this offer fitly doth prepare
Himselfe to furnish to this great affaire.

That kingdome he dooth carelesly neglect,
His brother *Rufus* wrongfully doth keepe,
And onely that doth constantly respect,
Where he once in his sepulchre did sleepe,
At whose deere death the very rockes did weepe,
His crown of gold this christian Prince doth scorn,
So much he lou'd him that was crownd with thorne.

The want that him did grieuouly oppresse,
Of those great summes in leuying power were spent,
Himselfe againe of England to possesse,
Much hindreth his religious intent,
Yet could not this his purpose so preuent,
Although a while it seemd delay to make,
Of that which he did brauely vndertake.

Wherefore this noble and high spirited Lord,
Whilst novv his buisnes standeth at this stay,
And since his state no better could afford,
In gage to *Henry Normandie* doth lay,
Prouiding first his souldiers how to pay,
Rather himselfe chose kingdomlesse to leaue,
His countries hopes then basely to deceaue.

To

The Legend of

To his victorious ensigne comes from farre,
Th'in Iled Red-shanks toucht with no remorse,
The light-foote Irish that with darts do warre,
The Scot so much delighting in his horse,
The English Archer of a Lions force,
The valiant Norman most his troupes among,
With the braue Britton wonderfully strong.

Remote from comfort in this colder clime,
To other Countries kindly doth you bring,
(And wisely teach you to redeeme the time,
Whence your eternall memory might spring)
Vnto the place whereas the heauenly King,
Your deare redemption happily beganne,
Liuing on earth, which was both God and man.

Poore Ilanders which in the Oceans chaine,
Too long imprisoned from the cheerefull day,
Your warlike leader brings you to the maine,
Which to my Court doth shew the open way,
And his victorious hand becomes the key ;
Vnto so high aduentures that you beares,
Glory to you, and honour to your heires.

And doth thereto so zealously proceede,
As those faire lockes his temples that adorne,
Vntill the great *Ierusalem* were freed,
He made a vow should neuer more be shorne,
Which since they so religiously were worne ;
In euery eye did beautifie him more,
Then did the Crowne of *Normandie* before.

Whilst

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Whilst he still on his vpright course doth hold,
As we the sequell briefly shall relate,
Bearing himselfe (as worthily he could)
And best became his dignitie and state,
Teaching how his themselfes should moderate,
Not following life, so with his chance content,
Nor flying death, so truly valient.

So did he all his faculties bestow,
That every thing exactly might be done,
That due fore-sight before the act might goe,
Others grosse errors happily to shunne,
Wifely to finish well that was begunne ;
Justly directed in the course of things,
By the straight rule from found experience springs.

Idle regards of greatnes that did scorne,
Carelesse of pompe, magnificent to bee,
That man reputing to be noblest borne,
That was the most magnanimous and free,
In honor so impartiall was hee,
Esteeming titles meritleffe and nought,
Vnlesse with danger absolutely bought.

Giuing the souldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalmes his well-receiued wound,
To him that needed maintenance affords,
To braue attempts encouraging the found,
Neuer dismaide in any perrill found ;
His Tent a seate of iudgement to the greeu'd,
And as a Court to those should be releu'd.

So

The Legend of

So perfect vvas that rarifying fire,
That did compose and rectifie his minde,
Vnto that place that raised his desire,
About the vsuall compasse of his kinde,
And from the world so cleerely him refine,
As him did wholly consecrate to glorie,
A subiect fit whereon to build a storie.

VVho in ambassage to the Emperour sent,
Passing along through *Macedon* and *Thrace*,
Neuer did sleepe but onely in his tent,
Till he reviewd that famous *Godfreis* face,
Nor till hee came vnto that halowed place,
Ne're did repose his bodie in a bed,
Such were the cares posselt his troubled head.

O wherefore then great singer of thy daies,
Renovvned *Tasso* in thy noble storie,
Shouldst thou be tax'd as partiall in his praise,
And yet so much shouldst set forth others glorie?
Me thinkes for this thou shouldst be inly sorie,
That thou shouldst leaue another to recite,
That which so much thou didst neglect to write.

There was not found in all the christian hoste,
Any than he more forward to the field,
Nor their battallions could another boast,
To beare himselfe more brauely with his shield,
So well his armes this noble Duke could wield,
As such a one he properly should be,
Thatt I did meane to consecrate to me.

Of

Robert Duke of Normandie.

Of so approoued and deliuer force,
Charging his launce or brandishing his blade,
Whether on foote, or managing his horſe,
That open paſſage through the ranckes he made,
At all affaies ſo happy to inuade,
That were he abſent in the charge or chaſe,
It was ſuppoſde the day did looſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights where danger ſoon'ſt did fall,
He would be preſent euer by his will,
And where the Chriſtians for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill *Robert* preſſed ſtill,
To helpe by valour, or relieue by ſkill ;
To euery place ſo prouidently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely being.

When in the morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeemd compoſde eſſentially of fire,
But from the field he euer drowping rid,
As he were vanquiſht onely to retire,
Neereſt his reſt, the furth'ſt from his deſire,
And in the ſpoiles his ſouldiers ſhare the crownes,
They rich in golde, he only rich in wounds.

And when the faire *Ieruſalem* was wonne,
And king thereof they gladly him would make,
All worldly titles he ſo much doth ſhunne,
As he reſuſde the charge on him to take,
One the vaine world that cleerely did forſake,
So farre it was from his religious minde,
To mixe things vile with thoſe of heauenly kinde.

F f

No

The Legend of

No triumph did his victories adorne,
But his high praise for sinfull man that dide,
Nor other marke of victory is worne,
But that red Crosse to tell him crucifide,
All other glories that himfelse denide :
 A holy life so willingly he leades,
 In dealing almes, and bidding of his beades.

Thus a poore Pilgrime he returnes againe,
For glittering armes in Palmers homely gray,
Leauing his Lords to leade his warrelike traine,
Whilst he alone comes sadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchasde pray ;
 An aged staffe his carefull hand doth hold,
 That with a lance his heathen foe controlde.

But now to end this long continued strife,
Henceforth thy mallice takes no further place,
The hate thou bar'st him ended with his life,
By thee his spirite can suffer no disgrace,
Now in mine armes his vertues I embrace,
 His body thine, his crosses witnes bee,
 But mine his minde, that from thy powre is free.

Thou gau'st vp rule when he gaue vp his breath,
And where thou end'st, eu'n there did I beginne,
Thy strength was buried in his timelesse death,
When as thy Conquerour lastly came I in,
That all thou got'st from thee againe did winne ;
 To whom thy right thou wholly did'st resigne,
 That all thou had'st was absolutely mine.

To

Robert Duke of Normandie.

To the base world then Fortune get thee backe,
The same with dreary tragedies to fill,
There by thy power bring all things vnto wracke,
And on weake mortall onely worke thy will,
And since so much thou doost delight in ill,
 Heare his complaint, who wanting eies to see,
 May giue thee sight, which arte as blinde as hee.

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,
The Prince which looked dreadfully and grimme,
Bearing his eies in his distressefull hand,
Whose places stoode with bloode vnto the brimme,
In the great anguish shaking euery limme ;
 After deepe sighes and lamentable throwes,
 Thus gan at length to vtter forth his woes.

Saith he, farewell, the lights are now put out,
And where they were, is buried all my ioy,
That are with darkenes compassed about,
Which tiranny did wilfully destroy,
To breed my more perpetuall annoy,
 That euen that sense I onely might forgoe ;
 That could alone giue comfort to my woe.

You which beheld faire *Palestine* restorde,
And from prophane hands of the Pagans freed,
The Sepulchre of that most gracious Lord,
And seen the mount where his deere wounds did bleed
That with these sights my zealous soule did feede ;
 Sith from your functions night doth you disseuer,
 Seclude me now from worldly ioyes for euer.

F f 2

They

The Legend of

They sawe no Sunne, nor did they view the day,
Except a candle, they beheld no light,
Strong walles before those blessings kept away,
What could be feared? they could not hurt the night,
For then teares wholly hindred them of fight ;
O then from whence should *Henries* hate arise,
Though I sawe nothing that I should haue eies ?

The wretchedst thing the most despisedst beaft,
Enioyes that fence as generally as wee,
The very Gnat, or what than that is least,
Of fight by nature kindly is made free,
What that hath mouth to feede, but eies to see,
O that a tyrant then should me deprave,
Of that which else all liuing creatures haue !

Whilst yet the light did mittigate my moane,
Teares found a meane to found my sorrowes deepe,
But now ay me, that comfort being gone,
By wanting eies wherewith I erst did weepe,
My cares alas concealed I must keepe ;
O God, that blindenesse stealing my delight,
Should aboute all things giue my sorrow fight !

Where sometime stoode the beauties of this face,
Those lampes once lighted with the vestall flame,
Is now a dungeon, a distressed place,
A harbour fit for infamy and shame,
Which but with horror none can scarcely name ;
Out of whose darke grates misery and grieve,
Starued for vengeance, daily beg reliefe.

The

Robert Duke of Normandie.

The day abhorres me, and me still doth flie,
Night still me followes, yet too long doth stay,
This neuer comes though it be euer nie,
And this in comming vaniseth away,
What now me booteth either night or day ;
All's one, stil day, or be it euer night,
Sith one to me the darkenesse and the light.

You wherewith once my comforts I did view,
Th'alcouering heauen and glory that it beares,
No more the same shall e're be seene of you,
That happy sight that euery mortall cheares,
No more to me for euer nowe appeares ;
Betake you selues vnto your darkefome cell,
And bid the world eternally farewell.

His speech thus ending, Fortune discontent,
Turning herselfe as she away would flie,
Playing with babes and fooles incontinent,
As neuer tutch'd with humane miserie,
As what she was herselfe to verifie ;
And strait forgetting what she had to tell,
To other speech and girlish laughter fell.

When gracefull Fame conueying thence her charge,
With all these troupes that did to her resort,
Gaued me this booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life set out in admirable fort,
T'amaze the world with this so true report,
But Fortune angry with her foe therefore,
Gaued me this gift, that I should still be pore.

FINIS. F 3



The Legend of *Matilda*.

IF yet a Muse there happily remaine,
That is by truth so diligently taught,
As vninstructed wantonly to faine,
Declareth but what modestie she ought ;
If this be such which I so long haue fought,
I craue by her my life may be reuealde,
By blacke obliuion enuiously concealde.

Oh if such fauour I might hope to finde,
Heere in this world yet once to liue agen,
As I yet lastly might expresse my minde,
By the endeuour of a powrefull pen,
In all my sorrowes happy were I then ;
Three hundreth yeares by all men ouer-past,
Finding one friend to pittie me at last.

O you of him so happily elect,
Whom I intreat to prosecute my story,
Lady most deere, most worthy all respect,
The worlds best jewell, and your sexes glory,
It shall suffice me, be *Idea* fory,
Reading my Legend sadly in his verse,
Which now alone must serue me for a herse.

Be

of Matilda.

Be you the patterne by whose perfect view,
Like your faire selfe he wisely may me make,
For sure aliue none fitter is then you,
Whose forme vnspotted chastitie may take,
Be you propitious, for whose onely sake
For me I know hee'le gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright *Rosamond* so highly that is graced,
Inroled in the register of fame,
That in our saincted kalender is placed,
By him who striues to stellifie her name ;
Yet will the modest say she was too blame,
Though full of state and pleasing be his rime,
Yet can his skill not expiate her crime.

The wife of *Shore* winnes generall applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise,
Elfred reuiu'd to pleade her pittied cause,
After the enuie of so many daies,
Happie's the man their glories high'ft can raife ;
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many,
Vice shall finde friends, but vertue feldome any.

To vaunt of my Nobilitie were vaine,
Which were I know, not bettered by the best,
Nor should befeeme an honourable straine,
And me a maiden fits not of the rest,
Nor worldly titles fondly will suggest ;
A vertuous life I meane to boast alone,
Our birth our fyres, our vertues be our owne.
F f 4 T'is

The Legend

T'is shame to fetch our long descent from Kings,
If from the gods deriued thou shouldst be,
The old atchieuements of those wondrous things,
Which thou thy selfe then liuedst not to see,
What be their acts materiall vnto thee?
 Staining that blood and honour that was theirs,
 Which could not leaue their vertues to their heires.

Heauen powr'd downe more abundance on my birth,
Then it before had vsually bestow'd,
And was in so bountifull to earth,
As though the fulnesse meaning to haue show'd,
On me it so immeasurably flow'd,
 That such a shape with such a spirit inspir'd,
 Did of the wisest make me most desir'd.

Vpon my brow fate Beautie in her pride,
Vnto the world as ministring her law,
And vnto all such riches did diuide,
As vnto her all generally did draw ;
And yet mine eye did keepe them so in awe,
 As that which onely could true vertues measure,
 Ordainde by Nature to preferue her treasure.

My carriage such as might content the wife,
My speech such comely decencie retaine,
As of the yonger was not deemde precise,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine ;
So well instructed to obserue the meane,
 So well compact, and natiue was each good,
 That did cohere with temper of my blood.
Nature

of Matilda.

Nature in me did such perfections vary,
As that the leaft allow'd not of compare,
And yet fo well did teach me them to carry,
That then themfelues did make them feeme more rare,
As in my portion fuffering none to fhare,
In her faire grace by placing me fo hie,
That there fhould fit the darling of the skie.

When Fame beganne my beauty firft to blaze,
That foone became too lauiſh of the fame,
Hauing her trumpet laden with my praife,
That euery place was filled with my name,
For which report thou too much wert too blame ;
But vnto thee is beautie ſubieſt ſtill,
Which I may fay, is cauſer of our ill.

This jealous monſter hath a thouſand eyes,
Her ayrie body hath as many wings,
Now about earth, now vp to heauen ſhe flies,
And heere and there with euery breath ſhe flings,
Euen from the deepe her meſſages ſhe brings,
Nothing ſo ſecret but to her appeareth,
As apt to credite euery thing ſhe heareth.

And Princes eares as open to report,
As skill in blazing beauty to a King,
Subieſt vnto the cenſure of the Court,
From whence Fame carries, thither ſhe doth bring,
And which ſoeuer ſhe doth lowdly ring,
Thither ah me vnſhappily ſhe brought,
Where I my bane vnfortunately caught.

There

The Legend

There stood my beautie boldly for the prize,
Where the most cleere and perfectst iudgements be,
And of the same the most iudiciall eyes,
Did giue the gole impartially to me ;
So did I stand vnparaleld and free,
And like a comet in the euenings skie,
Strooke with amazement euery wondring eye.

This t'was posselt the breast of princely *John*,
This on his hart-strings endlesse musicke made,
This wholly wonne him vnto it alone,
And fully did his faculties inuade,
From which not reason euer could diffwade ;
This taught his eyes their due attendance still,
Holding the reines which rulde his princely will

When yet my father fortunate in Court,
And by his blood ranck'd equall with the best,
Hauing his quicke eare touch'd with this report,
Which yet the newes but hardly could digest,
And on my youth his onely care did rest ;
Straitly pursues it by those secret spies,
As still in Courts attend on Princes eyes.

And he thus while who seemed but to sleepe,
Till he the Princes purposes could found,
And to himselfe yet secretly did keepe,
What he but late had prouidently found ;
So well that wife Lord could conceale his wound,
That well fore-saw how dangerous it would proue,
To crosse the course of his impatient loue.

When

of Matilda.

When hauing found how violent a flame,
Vnbrideled will had kindled in the King,
If on the suddaine he should stop the fame,
A greater inconuenience might bring,
Which being knowne so dangerous a thing,
Me doth bethinke him fittest to perswade,
E're for my safaty further means he made.

Deare girle quoth he, thou seeest who doth await,
T'intrap that beautie bred to be thy foe,
Being so faire and delicate a bait,
Tempting all eyes themselues there to bestow,
Whose power the King is taught too soone to know;
Of his desire that what the end may bee,
Thy youth may feare my knowledge doth fore-see.

And for thou liuest publicuely in Court,
Whose priuiledge doth euery meane protect,
Where the ensample of the greatest fort,
Doth more then opportunitie effect,
None thriuing there that dwell vpon respect,
Being a lottery where but few do winne,
Falshood th'aduenture, and the prize but sinne.

Subt'ly opposing to thy longing sight,
What may to pleasure possibly prouoke,
And fitly fashioned vnto thy delight,
That with the grauest strikes too great a stroke,
Hauing withall emperious power thy cloke ;
With such strong reasons on her part propounded,
As may leaue vertue seemingly confounded.

Many

The Legend

Many the waies inducing to thy fall,
And to thy safety none is left to guide thee,
And when thy danger greatest is of all,
Euen then thy succour sooneft is denide thee :
So sundry meanes from vertue to diuide thee,
 Hauing with all mortalitie about thee,
 Frailty with in, temptation set without thee.

The leachers tongue is neuer voide of guile,
Nor wants he teares when he would winne his pray,
The subtilft tempter hath the smootheft stile,
Sirens sing sweetely when they would betray,
Lust of it felfe had neuer any stay,
 Nor to containe it bounds could haue deuifde,
 That when most fild, is least of all suffisde.

With euery meane and maiestie is fraught,
That all things hath contained in his power,
And who wil conquer, leaues no meane vnfaught,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen Tower,
Watching th'aduantage of each passing hower,
 Time offering still each howre to doe amiffe,
 Thy banefull poison spiced with thy blisse,

And when this heady and vnseafned rage,
Which in his blood doth violently raigne,
Time, that the heate shall peceably affwage,
Shall shew the more apparently thy ftaine,
Which vnto ages euer shall remaine ;
 Sinne in a chaine leades on her sister shame,
 And both in gyues fast fettered to defame.

Kings

of Matilda.

Kings vse their loues as garments they haue worne,
Or as the meate whereon they fully fed,
The Saint once gone, who doth the shrine adorne ?
Or what is Nectar carelesly if shed,
What Princes vvealth redeemes thy maidenhead,
Which should be held as pretious as thy breath,
Whose defolution consumates thy death.

The stately Eagle on his height dooth stand,
And from the maine the fearefull fowle doth smite,
Yet scornes to tuch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the sweete of his delight,
But leaues the same a prey to euery kite ;
With much we surffet, plenty makes vs poore,
The vvretched Indian spurnes the golden ore.

When now he points the periode with a teare,
Which in my bosome made so great a breach,
As euery precept firmly fixed there,
And still his counsell vnto me did preach,
A father so effectually should teach,
That then his words I after euer found,
Written on so immaculate a ground.

The youthfull king deluded but the while,
That in his breast did beare this quenchlesse fire,
Whilst flattring hope his senses doth beguile,
That with fresh life still quickned his desire,
And gone so farre now meant not to retire ;
Thinks if that aptly winning him but place,
By loue or power to purchase him my grace.
Which

The Legend

Which still deferring, found he still did faile,
Nor to his minde aught (kindely) tooke effect,
Couragiously resolving to assaile,
That other meanes doth vtterly neglect,
In spite what feare could any way obiekt,
And finding time, not booting to be mute,
Thus to me lastly did preferre his sute.

Deare maide(quothe he) when Nature had ordained
Thee to the world her workmanship to bring,
All other creatures knowing she had stained,
By so diuine and excellent a thing,
Onely therefore to gratifie a King,
Seal'd thee the Charter dated at thy birth,
Mirrour of heauen, the wonder of the earth.

Hoord not thy beautie, heauen doth giue thee store,
Pittie such treasure should lie idely dead,
Which being imparted shall increase the more,
And by the interest euermore be fed,
To be mans comfort that was onelie bred,
Which of it selfe is of such povver and might,
As like the sunne ioyes all things with the sight.

From those bright stars such streams of lightning glide
As through the eies doe wound the very hart,
Whose vertues may be fundrie waies applide,
Hurting and healing like *Achilles* dart ;
Such bountie Nature did to them impart,
Those lampes two planets clearer then the seauen,
That with their splendor light the world to heauen.
Had

of Matilda.

Had Art such colours as could truly show,
Each rare perfection rightly in his kinde,
And on each one sufficiently bestowe,
Vnto the glory properly assignde,
Painting the beauties aptly to the minde,
But O alone thy excellence is such,
As words though many lessen worth so much.

He is thy king, who is become thy subiect,
Sometimes thy Lord now seruant to thy loue,
Thy gracefull features be his onely obiect,
Who for thy sake a thousand deaths durst proue.
A Princes prayer should some compassion moue ;
Let wolues and beares be cruell in their kindes,
But women meeke and haue relenting mindes.

Daine (deare) to looke vpon these brimfull eyes,
With tides of teares continually frequented,
Where hope without foode hunger-staruen lies,
Which to betray me trecherously consented,
That for the fact being lawfully conuented,
Iudgde in these waters still to haue their being,
For their presumption thy perfections seeing.

Sit thou commanding vnder mine estate,
Hauing thy tresses honored with my Crowne,
As not vnworthie of a meaner fate
And make the prow'd't to tremble with a frowne,
Raife whom thou wilt, cast whō it please thee downe :
And be my loue renowned through this Ile,
With all the titles fame may thee infitle.

What

The Legend

What if my Queene repining at our blisse,
Thee as did *Iuno Ioues* faire darling keepe,
Mine I'll preferue as that great god did his,
Wife *Mercury* lulld *Argus* eies to sleepe,
Loue euer laughs when ieaiousie dooth weepe,
When most she stirs, our power shal keep hir vnder,
She may raise stormes, but we doe rule the thunder.

Thus hauing made the entrance to his loue,
Which he supposde assuredly in time,
Of better tidings messenger might proue,
By which he after to his ioyes might clime,
And of my youth now being in the prime, (me,
Leaues me, not knowing well which way to turne
Warm'd with the fire which vnawares might burne
(me.

Vpon my weaknes that so strongly wrought,
Whilst in my breast a mutiny arose,
Feare and Desire a doubtfull combate fought,
As like two eager and ambitious foes,
This striues to winne, the other feares to loose;
By this oft cleered, and by that accused,
Flattered by that most, most which me abused.

And in my selfe that well suspected treason,
Knowing who watcht to haue me for his pray,
And in so apt and dangerous a season,
When youth and beauty bare so great a sway,
And where he battery still to me might lay,
Who girt so strongly euery way about,
Well might suspect I could not long holde out.
All

of Matilda.

All doubts end feares cast vtterly aside,
Resolu'd at last away from Court to goe,
Whither it pleasde my happy starres to guide,
There I my selfe determinde to bestowe,
Vntill time might the passion ouer-blow,
Or if at least it wrought not the extrusion,
Might lend me power to help my resolution.

When he whose care this while me not forfooke,
That many a sweete sleepe for my safetie brake,
Much that was pleased with the course I tooke,
As one that truely suffred for my sake,
Did his abode at Baynards Castle make,
Which since the Court so happily did leaue me,
To his protection kindly did receiue me.

Whence sorrow seemed vtterly exile,
Wherein my life I long before did waste,
The present time that happily beguilde,
With thought of that which was already past,
Where I was now so fortunately plac'd ;
Euen as a bird escap'd the Fowlers snare,
Whome former danger warneth to beware.

When now the King whose purposes were cross'd,
Which this euasion subt'ly did preuent,
And that the meane to which he trusted most,
Was that which most did frustrate his intent,
Seeing his fute preposterously went,
Another course bethinkes himselfe to runne,
Else now as farre off, as when first begunne.
G g Thence

The Legend of

Thenceforth deuising to dissolue the masse,
That lay so full betwixt him and the light,
That in his fute so great a hindrance was
And least expected wrought him most dispite,
Finding the cause that all things went not right,
Casteth forthwith my father to remoue,
To make the way more cleerer to his loue.

When scarcely cured of that sickely qualme,
And that my hart was happily at ease,
But as a ship that in a gentle calme,
Floates vp and downe vpon the quiet seas,
By some rough gust some aduerse starre doth raise,
Driuen againe into the troubled maine,
Which well had hopde securely to haue laine.

The powrefull Prince whome I did thus reiect,
Heereon in Court doth first this Peere disgrace,
Thereby to giue the people to suspect,
T'offend in some thing sitting neere his place,
Them it (by all meanes) vrging to imbrace;
Which if he cleerely modeld out, that path
Should giue a passage freely to his wrath.

And giuing colour to his ranck'rous hate,
By such false counsell as to him he drew,
Cunning in all the stratagems of state,
My guiltlesse father ceaselesly pursue,
Whose kingly power too quickly ouerthrew
Him which I hop'd me succour should haue giuen,
Till from all refuge absolutely driuen.

And

of Matilda.

And not their cleere and intellectuall fight,
Into the quarrell that did thoroughly looke,
Not our alies that to their vtmost might
Gainst his proceeding that our partie tooke,
Vnto the end that neuer me forooke ;
 Could the effect of his great power preuent,
 To stay from Fraunce my banisht father sent.

Not all his seruice to his soueraigne done,
In warre as valiant, as in counsell found,
Which from this Prince compassion might haue won,
To him that faithfull euermore was found,
How deeply thou ingratitude doost wound :
 Sure first deuised to no other end,
 But to grieue those whom nothing could offend.

Ay me, forsaken, left vnto my foe,
Thus by my fortune frowardly betraide,
Neuer poore maiden was besieged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aide,
Such weight the heauens vpon my birth had laide,
 Yet her due merite vertue neuer loseth, (feth.
 Gainst her faire course though heauen it selfe oppo-

Embarkt for France his sad deiected eies,
Filled with teares in plentifullest store,
His parting threatned by the lowring skies,
Then vnder saile from sight of any shore,
Feare him behinde, and sorrow him before ;
 Waisting withall his sad laments in vaine,
 To the rude waters only to complaine.

G g 2

When

The Legend

When like a deere before the hounds imboſte,
When him his ſtrength beginneth to forlake,
Leaues the ſmoothe lawnes to which he truſted moſt,
And to the couert doth it ſelfe betake,
Doubling that creepes from brake againe to brake ;
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes face,
Which hath me novv continually in chafe.

The coaſt now cleere, ſuſpition laide to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
Which with much pleaſure quieted his breſt,
That every thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſfully conſent,
Of former ayde that being quite forſaken,
He hopes the fort may eaſily be taken.

A Princes armes are ſtretcht from ſhore to ſhore,
Kings ſleeping ſee with eies of other men,
Craft findes a key to open every doore,
Little it bootes in walles my ſelfe to pen,
The lambe incloſed in the lions den ;
Whoſe watchfull eies too eaſily deſcride me, (me.
And found me ſoonſt, where ſur'ſt I thought to hide

My paths by ſpies are diligently noted,
O're me he holdes ſo vigilant a watch,
And on my beautie he ſo fondly doted,
That at my lookes he enuiouſly did catch,
Readie that ſtoode attending at my latch,
Where jealous loue continually did warde,
Treaſon my handmaide, Falſhoode on my garde.
Where-

of Matilda.

Wherefore since this so badly sortd out,
He to my shifts so narrowly me draue,
Another course must needesly cast about,
Where safer harbor happily to haue,
Since insufficient this was me to saue,
His power so spacious euery way did lie,
That still I stood in his ambitious eye.

And feare which taught me euery way to proue,
When I of many long time did debate,
Me at the last it pleasde the powers to moue,
To take vpon me a religious state,
The holy Cloister none might violate ;
Where after all those stormes I did endure,
There yet at last might hope to liue secure.

Wherefore to *Dunmow* secretly conuaide,
Vnto a house that sometime was begunne,
By *Iuga*, of our ancestry, a maide,
At whose great charge this Monastery was done,
In which she after did become a Nunne ;
And kept her order strictly with the rest,
Which in that place virginitie profest.

Where I my selfe did secretly bestow,
From the vaine world which I too long had tride,
One whom affliction taught my selfe to know,
My youth and beautie gently that did chide,
And me instructing as a skilfull guide ;
Printed with all such coldnesse in my blood,
That it might so perpetuate my good.

G g 3

The

The Legend

The King who with an enuious eye did see,
His power deluded, strongly discontent,
Who thence his power not possibly could free,
Which his sad breast doth grievously torment ;
Which, since that I so wilfully was bent,
And he past hope now euer to enioy me,
Resolues by some meanes lastly to destroy me.

And he that knew one fit for such a fact,
To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
One that for him would any thing enact,
And in performance wanted not his Art,
That had a strong hand, a relentlesse hart ;
On him the King (in madnesse so enrag'd)
Imposde my death himselfe thereto that gag'd.

Who making haste the fatall deede to do,
Thither repaires, but not as from the King,
One that did well know what belong'd thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring,
But as one sent vpon some needefull thing ;
With a smooth countenance and with setled browes,
Obtaines to get in where I paide my vowes.

Where I alone and to his tale exposde,
As one to him a willing eare that lent,
Aye me, too soone himselfe to me disclosde,
And who it was that him vnto me sent,
From point to point, relating his intent ; (vafion,
Which whilst I stooode strooke dumbe with this in-
He thus pursues me strongly with perfwafion.
Saith

of Matilda.

Saith he, but heare how greatly thou doost erre,
Fondly to doat vpon thine owne perfection,
Whenas the King thee highly will preferre,
And that his power desireth thy protection ;
So indiscreetly fort not thy election,
To shut vp in a melancholy cell,
That in the Court ordained was to dwell.

How dangerous is so bountifull an offer,
If thy neglect do retchlesly abuse it,
Who was it euer that did see a coffer,
Filled with gold, and proffered did refuse it ;
Greater thy faith the more thou doost excuse it,
Thy selfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Refusing treafure cast into thy lap.

Wrong not thy faire youth, nor the world depriue
Of that great riches Nature freely lent,
Pitty t'were they by niggardize should thriue,
Whose wealth by waxing craueth to be spent,
For which thou after iustly shalt be shent ;
Like to some rich churle burying his pelfe,
Both to wrong others, and to starue himselfe.

What is this vaine, this idle reputation,
Which to the shew you seemingly respect,
Onely the weakenesse of imagination.
Which in conclusion worketh no effect ?
Lesse then that, can the worshippers protect,
That onely standeth vpon fading breath,
And hath at once the being, and the death.

G g 4

A

The Legend

A feare that grew from doting superstition,
To which still weake credulitie is prone,
And onely since maintained by tradition,
Into our eares impertinently blowne,
By follie gathered, as by error sowne ;
Which vs still threatning, hindreth our desires,
Yet all it shewes vs be but painted fires.

Thee let it like this Monastery to leaue,
Which youth and beautie iustly may forsake,
Do not the Prince of those high ioyes bereaue,
Which happy him eternally may make,
Which sends me else thy life away to take ;
For dead to him if needfly thou wilt proue,
Die to thy selfe, and buried with his loue.

Rage that resumde the colour of his face,
Whose eye seemde as the Bafalisks to kill,
The horror of the solitary place,
Being so fit wherein to worke his will,
Each good omitted, euery present ill ;
Which all doe seeme my ouerthrow to further,
By feare diffwaded, menaced by murther.

In this so great and peremptory triall,
With strong temptations grievously afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a deniall,
Oft times acquitted, oftentimes conuicted,
Whilst feare before me liuely stands depicted,
And at the instant by a little breath,
Giues me my life, or sends me vnto death.

When

of Matilda.

When nowe my soule that gathred all her powres,
Which in this neede might friendly giue her aide,
The resolution of so manie howres,
Whereon herselfe she confidently staide ;
(In this distresse their helpe together laide,)
Making the state which she maintained good,
Expeld the feare, vsurping on by blood.

The which my tongue did modestly enlarge,
From those strict limits terror it confinde,
My greeued bosome sadly to discharge,
And my lost spirites did liberally vnbinde ;
To my cleere eyes their residence resignde,
And strongly there mine honour to maintaine,
Check'd his presumption with a chaste disdaine.

Finding me thus inuiolably bent,
He for my death that onely did abide,
Hauing a poison murdring by the scent,
Vnto the organ of that sense applide ;
Which for the same when fittest time he spide,
Vnto my nostrills forcibly did straine,
Which at an instant wrought my deadly baine.

With his rude tuch (my vaile disordered then)
My face discouering, whose delitious cheeke
Tinckted with crimson, fading soone agen,
With such a sweetenes as made death euen meeke,
Seeming to him, beholding it euen like
Vnto a sparke extinguish'd to the eye,
Breakes forth in fire e're suddainely it die.

And

The Legend

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,
Wherein he such an excellencie saw,
Ruing the spoile done by his fatall hand,
Whom nothing else my beauty now did awe,
And from his eyes would force him teares to draw ;
Of which depriu'd and fetled euen as dead,
Greeuing for me that it had none to shed.

When life retreating gently towards the hart,
(On whom cold death inuasion now did make,
Winning by little euery outward part)
As more and more her succours her forsake,
To this last fort enforc'd her to betake,
To him whom sadly yet did me behold,
Thus with milde speech my greefe I did vnfold.

Is this the gift the King on me bestowes,
Which in this sort he fends thee to present me ?
I am his friend, what giues he to his foes,
If this in token of his loue be sent me ?
His pleasure thus, it must not discontent me ;
Yet after sure a prouerbe this shall proue,
The gift King *John* bestow'd vpon his loue.

When all that race to memory are fet,
And by their statues their atchieuements done
Which wonne abroad, and which at home did get,
From sonne to fyre, from fyre vnto the sonne,
Grac'd with the spoiles that gloriously they wonne ;
O that of him it onely should be said,
This was that King, the murtherer of a maid !

O

of Matilda.

O keepe it safely from the eares of Fame,
That none do heare of this vnhalowed deede,
To him be secret and conceale his shame,
Left after-ages hap the same to reede,
And in their eyes the very letters bleede ;
O let the graue my innocency hold,
Ere of a King so heynous sinne be told.

Vttering my minde my sorrow to affwage,
The heauy burthen of my pensiue breast,
The poison now that inwardly did rage,
The present vigor forcibly exprest,
Me no way suffering to declare the rest ;
Longer for him t'was now no time to stay,
And death call'd on to hasten me away.

Thus in my closet being left alone,
Vpon the floore vncomfortably lying,
The deede committed and the murtherer gone,
Almost arriued at the point of dying,
Some of the sisters me by chance espying,
Calls all the rest that in most wofull plight,
Came to behold this miserable sight.

Where like a rose by an vnkindly blast,
Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
The withered leaues improsp'rously doth cast.
Yet all the rest their soueraigne beauties show,
Amidst this goodly sisterhood euen so ;
Nipt with cold death vntimely did I fade,
Whilst they about me pitteous wailing made.

When

The Legend

Whenas my poore soule in hir suddaine flight,
Neglects the organ of each feuerall sense,
With all that horror could the same affright,
Being disturbed in her parting hence,
Onely constrained for her best defence,
Vnto her spotlesse innocence to take her,
Which her not leaues when all the rest forsake her.

VWhen all our pleasures are but childrens toyes,
And as meere shadowes presently do passe,
As yeares encreasing, waning are our ioyes,
As we forget our fauours in a glasse,
Euen as a tale of that which neuer was ;
Death our delights continually doth feuer,
Vertue alone abandoneth vs neuer.

And now my spirit thus liberally enlargde,
By gently flitting from this earthly roome,
The debt to Nature faithfully dischargde,
And at the howre conditiond on my toombe ;
Such is the heauens ineuitable doombe,
Me *Baynards* Castle to the earth did bring,
Dunmow againe my place of burying.

Now scarcely was my breathlesse body cold,
But euery where my tragedy was spread,
For tatling Fame in euery place had told,
My resolution being lately dead,
Ruing my blood so prodigally shed,
And to my father flies with this mischance,
Which then remained in the Court of France.

His

of Matilda.

His losse too great to be bewailde with teares,
Nor were there found wordes to expresse his woe,
Terror it felse so settled in his eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe,
O whie againe should grieve distract me so ?
Enough of sorrow is already showne,
And telling his renewing of mine owne.

Me t'shall suffice my fortunes to relate,
And beare the burthen of my proper ill,
If I expresse my pittifull estate,
Tis all I aske, and I obtaine my will,
For whie, true sorrow needes not others skill,
It is too much the bitternesse we taste,
Without remembrance when the same is past.

Some saie, the King repentant for this deede,
Whenas remorse to thoughts thereof him draue,
Poorely disguised in a Pilgrimes weede,
Offered his teares on my vntimely graue,
For which, no doubt but heauen his sinne forgaue ;
And did thereby my grieued spirite appease,
He being contrite, I happily at ease.

Then tolde my storie, I my state deuise,
To you sweete Madam, fitt'ft with you to rest,
Which do my vertues daily exercise,
That be impressed in your patient breast,
By whome alone I rightlieft am exprest ;
For whom my praise (it grieues me) is too scant,
Whose happie name an Epethite shall want.
Then

The Legend of Matilda.

Then most deere Lady for a maidens sake,
To shead one teare, if gently you but daine,
For all my wrongs it full amends may make,
And be my passe to the Elizian plaine,
In your chaste eies such powre there doth remaine,
As can th'afflicted prosprouly deliuer,
Happy be they may looke vpon them euer.

FINIS.

The



The Legend of *Pierce Gaueston*.

From gloomy shadowes of eternall night,
Shut vp in darkenes where I long did dwell,
O heere beholde me miserable wight,
Lastly, inuokt my tragedie to tell ;
Giue me then leaue my sorrowes to impart,
Somewhat to ease my poore afflicted hart.

Goddesse of Artes and Armes, *Pallas* diuine,
Let thy bright fawchion lend me *Cipresse* boughes,
Be thou assisting to this Poet of mine,
With funerall wreathes incompassing his browes,
Pittyng my case when none would heare me weep,
To tell my sorrowes, layes his owne to sleepe.

And mournefulst maiden of the sacred Nine,
That balefull sounds immoueably doost breathe,
With thy swolne visage, and thy blubbred eine,
I vnto thee my sad complaints bequeathe ;
Matter that yeelds sufficient for thy glorie,
If thou exactly prosecute my storie.

Tell

The Legend

Tell how the starres my wandring state did guide,
Th'unconstant turnes of euerie changing houre,
Of manie a lowe ebbe, manie as high a tide,
Manie a smoothe calme, manie a stormie showre,
The height whereto I lastly did ascend,
My strange beginning, and my fatall end.

When *Edward* fate vpon the English throne,
Long-shankes that so victoriously did raigne ;
First of that name, and second vnto none,
In all to knighthoode euer did pertaine,
My life begunne, and then begunne my blisse,
Euen in those daies, those happie daies of his.

So much did vertue gracious harts inflame,
Promotion then not purchas'd with golde,
And in those times he that desired fame,
Bought it of them that it full deerely solde,
Hatefull exceffe so much did not deuoure,
Lawes had lesse force, and honesty more powre.

And since that time so violently prayes
Vpon those ages that euen holieft bee,
Let me remember those more happie daies,
In these sad houres my griued eies doe see,
With greater griefe that makes me these deplore,
When I doe thinke of those that were before.
And

Pierce Gaueston.

And Muse, to thee I fadly then appeale,
Since thou my life wilt needfly haue me show,
That I by thee may faithfully reueale,
Euen what the most inquisitiue would know,
 Whilst that my foule heere bodied did abide,
 In the vaine world that pampred me in pride.

From *Gascony* our name and our descent,
Of which my father naturally was borne,
In all his warres that with king *Edward* went,
To him a liege man and a fouldier sworne :
 And in his country ventred his estate,
 To follow him that seemd to gouerne fate.

Whose trust that great king highly did imploy,
And neare his person tooke him for the same,
Who with my selfe, but then a little boy,
Vnto the Court of famous *England* came ;
 Whereas the King for seruice he had done,
 Made me a page vnto the Prince his sonne.

In me what shape that man's did not excel,
Where euery part such harmony did beare,
As in this modell Nature seemd to tell,
T'was not perfection if it were not there,
 As euery age referu'd his rarest feature,
 Thereof to make so excellent a creature.

H h

My

The Legend of

My lookes the powrefull adamants to loue,
Which vnto them attracted euery fight,
With which the fame was fixed or did moue,
As sympathizing naturally delight,
That where my thoughts intended to surprise,
I at my pleasure conqu'ed with mine eies.

If euen the best in Paintings curious art,
In some rare peece his workmanship should show,
Imagination helping with her part,
When th'hand had done the vtmost it could doe
Vnto that bodie modelling a minde,
Such a one was I the mirrour of my kinde.

This was the baite was laide for *Edwards* loue,
That bred the league of amitie thereby,
That no misfortune after could remoue,
When she the vtmost of her force did trie,
Nor death it selfe retained power to sunder,
Friendship feld seene, and in the world a wonder.

Heere on this earth th'onely meane thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heauen,
And it is thou that onely doost impart,
All good can to mortalitie be giuen ;
That sacred bond that neuer canst be broken,
O word diuine to be with reu'rence spoken !
With

Pierce Gaueſton.

With this ſweete Prince in height of worldly bliſſe,
Whilſt Tutors care his wandering eares did guide,
I liu'd enioying whatſoe're was his,
Who ne're my pleaſures any thing denide,
 Whoſe deare affections ſtill me ſo attended,
 As on my ioyes his happines depended.

Whether that it my rare perfections were,
That wonne my youth ſuch fauour in his eie,
Or that the heauens to whom I ſeemde ſo deare,
On me downe ſhow'r'd this bleſſing from the ſkie ;
 I cannot tell, but well it did direct,
 That could produce ſuch wonderfull effect.

Thou Arke of heauen where wonders are enrouled,
O depth of Nature, who can looke vnto thee ?
What might he be that hath thy doome controuled ?
Or hath the key of Reaſon to vndoe thee ?
 Thy workes diuine, which thine alone doe know,
 Shallow mans wit, too ſhort for things below.

The ſoule her liking ſubtl'y doth eſpie,
In the high power that is to her aſſignde,
By the cleere ſight diſcouering through the eie,
The thing agreeing aptlieſt with her kinde ;
 And by each motion quickly apprehendeth,
 That which it ſelfe paſt humane ſenſe extendeth.

H h 2

This

The Legend of

This *Edward* in the April of his age,
Whilst yet the crowne fate on his fathers head,
Like that great *Ioue* with his rap'd *Phrigian* page,
Me with Ambrosiall delicacies fed ;
 He might command that was the Soueraignes son,
 And what I said, that onelie must be done.

My will a lawe autenticallly past,
My yea by him was neuer cross'd with no,
Who in affection chained was so fast,
He as my shadow still with me did goe,
 To me this Prince so pliant was in all,
 Still as an eccho answering to my call.

My smiles his life, his heauen was in my sight,
And his delight confinde by my desire,
Who from my cleere eies borrowed all his light,
As pale-eide *Cinthia* from her brothers fire ;
 My cheeke the pillow where he laide his head,
 My brow his booke, my bosome was his bed.

Like faire *Idalia* bent to amorous sportes,
With yong *Adonis* in the wanton shade,
Figuring her passions in as sundry fortes,
As he to her indeerements to perfwade
 Eithers affections happily to moue,
 With all the tender daliances of loue.

The

Pierce Gausson.

The table (thus) of our delight was laid,
Seru'd with what dainties pleasure coulde deuise,
And many a Syren musicke sweetely plaid,
(O that youth had vs wherewith to suffice)
 Whilst we on that vnsatiately doe feede,
 Which our confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spurd his violent desire,
Holding the reines wherewith he rulde the funne,
My blandishment the fuell to the fire,
In which to frie already he begunne ;
 Waxing his wings taught him Art to flie,
 Who on his back might beare me through the skie.

Whilst the vaine world vpon vs still did winne,
Inticde his flatteries stedfastly to trust,
Loosing the clew which led vs safely in,
Are lost within this Labyrinth of lust ;
 For when the flesh is nussed once in vice,
 The sweete of sinne makes hell a paradise.

Who thy deceits vile world yet euer told,
In thee what is that's not extreameely ill ?
A shop where poison's onely to be sold,
Whose very entrance instantly doth kill,
 Where all deformed wickednesse do dwell,
 And all thy waies guide head long into hell.
 H h 3 The

The Legend of

The King that saw his hopefull sonne betraide,
That like young *Phaeton* ventred on the skies,
Perceiu'd his course with danger hardly staide,
(For he was graue and prouidently wise ;)

That wanting skill to maister youthes desire,
Might by misguidance set his throne on fire.

This was a corfiue to King *Edwards* daies,
That without ceasing fed vpon his bones,
That in the day bereau'd him of his ease,
Breaking his night-sleepe with vnquiet grones ;
That did depresse and burthened him downe,
More then the weight that fate vpon his Crowne.

When now their iudgement that feuerely tride,
The matter whence this malladie first grew,
Likewise must now a remedie prouide,
To preuent the perill likely to ensue,
The cause must end e're the effect could cease,
Else (well) of one, there many might encrease.

When such in Court my opposites as were,
On all aduantage that could wisely play,
Who did to me inuetterate malice beare,
That for their purpose found so faire a way ;
On this their forces instantly did ground,
My name and fame perpetually to wound.

And

Pierce Gaueſton.

And the time fit for venting their vntruth,
Me into hate more forcibly to bring,
Sticke not to charge the loofeneſſe of my youth,
T'offend euen in th'vnnaturaleſt thing ;
And olde fore-paſſed outrages awake,
With all that me contemptible might make.

Wherefore the Prince to priuacie beſtow'd
In Realmes remote I baniſhed to rome,
Cenſured of all men fitte to be abroad,
That had betraide my honeſt truſt at home,
Adiudg'd to die, if after I were found,
The day preſcrib'd vpon the Engliſh ground.

So much aſtoniſh'd with the ſuddaine blow,
That I became inſenſible of paine,
Vntill awak'd with ſharpneſſe of my woe,
I ſaw the wound which open did remaine ;
By which my ioyes ſtill fainted more and more,
No hope at all me euer to reſtore.

Euen as a Turtle for her faithfull make,
Whoſe youth her deare virginie enioyde,
Sits ſhrowded on ſome ſolitary brake,
With melancholy penſiuenefſe annoide ;
Thus without comfort ſit I all alone,
From the ſweete Prince infortunately gone.

H h 4

My

The Legend of

My beauty once which fadinde the summers fight,
Beaten with bleake and chilly winter stormes,
Those tender limbes muſt trauell day and night,
So often hug'd in *Edwards* princely armes ;
Those eyes oft viewing pleaſure in her pride,
With fearefull obiects euery way ſuplide,

And whilst these stormes me strangely thus did tosse,
Where I my selfe confined yet in *France*,
Thwarted the while with many a greeuous crosse,
Inseperables to my sad mischance ;
Others that stem'd the current of the time,
By which I fell, prou'd afterwards to clime.

Camelion-like the world doth alter hue,
And as false *Proteus* puts on fundrie shapes,
One change scarce gone, another doth ensue,
This fild, that likewise for promotion gapes ;
Thus did they swarme like Bees about the brim,
Some drownd, and some as dang'rously swim.

And some on whom the higher powres look'd faire,
Yet of the season little seemde to vaunt,
For there were clowdes hung in the troubled ayre,
Which shew'd something to their desire did want,
That forc'd them stoope which otherwise would flie,
Whilst with much care they fading honor buy.
When

Pierce Gaueſton.

When reſtleſſe Time that neuer turnes againe,
Whoſe winged feete are ſliding with the ſunne,
By the fleete howres attending on his traine,
His reſolution fatally begunne ;
 In a iuſt courſe eſtſoone to bring about,
 That which long ſince the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whilſt the King doth ſeriously attend,
His long-hop'd voyage to the Holy-land,
For which his ſubiects mighty ſummes did lend,
Euen whilſt this buiſnes onely was in hand ;
 All on the ſuddaine happily doth fall,
 The death of *Edward* quickly altered all.

Should I aſſay his vertues to report,
To do the honor due vnto his name,
My meane endeouours ſhould come farre too ſhort,
And I thereby ſhould greatly wrong the ſame ;
 But leaue it to ſome ſacred Muſe to tell,
 Vpon whoſe life a Poets pen might dwell.

His princely body ſcarſly wrapt in lead,
Before his mournfull obſequies were done,
But that the Crowne was ſet on *Edwards* head,
With whom too ſoone my happy daies begunne ;
 After blacke night like brightneſſe of the day,
 All former forrowes vaniſhed away.

When

The Legend of

When now *Carnaruan* calls within a while,
Whom *Edward Long-shanks* hated to the death,
He whom the father lately did exile,
Is to the sonne as precious as his breath,
What th'old inscrib'd the yonger forth did blot,
Kings wils perform'd, and dead mens words forgot.

When the winde wafts me to that happy place,
And soone did fet me safely on that shore,
From whence I seemde but banish'd for a space,
That my returne might honored be the more ;
Vnto this new King happily to leaue me,
Whose princely armes were ready to receiue me.

Who would haue seene how that kinde Roman dame,
O're-come with ioy did yeelde her latest breath,
Her sonne returning laden with such fame,
When thankfull *Rome* had mourned for his death,
Might heere behold her personated right,
When I approached to the Princes sight.

My *Ioue* now Lord of the Ascendant is,
In an aspect that promise happy speede,
Whilst in that luckie influence of his,
Some praise the course wherein I did proceede ;
Yet it to some prodigiously appears,
Telling the troubles of ensuing yeares.

When

Pierce Gaueston.

When like to *Midas* all I touch'd was gold,
Powr'd as t'was once downe into *Danaes* lap,
For I obtained anything I would,
Fortune had yet so lotted out my hap ;
 The chests of great men like to Oceans are,
 To whom all floods by course do still repare.

The Isle of *Man* he first vnto me gaue,
To shew how high I in his grace did stand,
But fearing me sufficient not to haue,
I next receiued from his bounteous hand,
 Faire *Wallingford* that antiently had beene,
 The wealthy dower of many an English Queene.

The summes his father had beene leuying long,
By impositions for the warre abroad,
Other his princely benefits among,
At once on me he bounteously bestow'd ;
 When those which saw how much on me he cast,
 Soone found his wealth sufficed not his waste.

He giues me then chiefe Secretaries place,
Thereby to traine me in affaires of state,
And those high roomes that I did hold to grace,
Me Earle of *Cornwall* franckly did create ;
 And that in Court he freely might pertake me,
 Of *England* Lord high Chamberlaine did make me.
And

The Legend of

And that he would more strongly me alie,
To backe me gainst their insolent ambition,
Doth his faire Cofen vnto me affie,
A Lady of right vertuous condition,
Which his deare sifter prosperously bare,
To the Earle of *Gloster* blood-ennobled *Clare*.

O sacred bounty, mother of content,
Fautresse and happy nourisher of Arts,
That giu'st successe to euery high intent,
The Conquerour of the most noblest harts ;
High grace into mortalitie infused,
Pitty it is that e're thou wast abused.

When those that did my banishment procure,
Still in my bosome hated did abide,
And they before that could me not endure,
Are now much more impatient of my pride ;
For emulation euer did attend,
Vpon the great, and shall vnto th'end.

And into fauour clofly working those,
That from meane places lifted vp by me,
And factious spirits being fittest to oppose,
Them that perhaps too powerfull else might be ;
That euen gainst enuie raised by my hand,
Me must vphold to make themselues to stand.
And

Pierce Gaueſton.

And ſince the frame by fortune ſo contriu'd,
To giue protect to my ambitious waies,
Vrging thereby their hate to me deriu'd,
From thoſe hie honours he vpon me layes,
Drawing the King my courſes to pertake,
Still to maintaine what he himſelfe did make.

Thus doth my youth ſtill exerciſe extreames,
My heed fond raſhnes to forerunne my fall,
My wit meere folly, and my hopes but dreames,
My counsell ſerues my ſelfe but to inthrall,
That me abuſed with a vaine illuſion,
When all I did intending my confuſion.

And now the King, to haſten his repaire,
Himſelfe by marriage highly to aduance,
With *Iſabel* a Princeſſe, yong and faire,
As was her father *Philip* king of *France*,
When now the more to perfect my command,
Leaues vnto me protection of the land.

My power confirm'd ſo abſolute withall,
That I dranke pleaſure in a plenteous cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands ſo freely rendred vp,
That earth to me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater than a King.
When

The Legend of

When being now got as high as I could clime,
That the vaine world thus bountifully blest,
Franckly imbrace the benefite of time,
Fully t'enioy that freely I possest ;
Strongly maintaining he was worfe than mad,
Fondly to spare, a Princes wealth that had.

Their counfells when continually I crostt,
As scorning their authoritie and blood ;
And in those things concernd their honor's most,
In those against them euer most I stoode :
And things most publique priuately extend,
To feede my riot that had neuer end.

When lastly Fortune like a treacherous foe,
That had so long attended on my fall,
In the plaine path wherein I was to goe,
Layes many a baite, to traine me on withall ;
Till by her skill she cunningly had brought me,
Vnto the place where at her will she caught me.

The mighty busines falling then in hand,
Triumphs ordain'd to welcome his returne
(Before the French in honour of the land)
With all my power I labourd to adiourne ;
Till all their charge was lastly ouerthrowne,
Who likde t'haue seene no glory but mine owne.
Thus

Pierce Gaueſton.

Thus euery thing me forward ſtill doth ſet,
Euen as an engine forcing by the flight,
One miſchiefe thus a ſecond doth beget,
And that doth leade th'other but to right ;
Yet euery one himſelfe, employing wholly,
In their iuſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

Which when they found how ſtill I did retaine,
Th'ambitious courſe wherein I firſt beganne,
And laſtly felt, that vnder my diſdaine
Into contempt continually they ranne ;
Take armes at once to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold ſpirits had ſuffred but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtefull ſpender of his needfull treaſure,
A ſecret thiefe of many a ſacred thing,
And that I led him to vnlawfull pleaſure,
That neuer did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my ſenſuall appetite.

That as a ſcourge vpon the land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull life the cauſe had onely beene,
The State ſo vniuerſally was rent,
Whoſe ill increaſing euery day was ſeene ;
I was reproached openly of many,
Who pittid none, not pittid now of any.

And

The Legend of

And for opposde by men of greateft might,
(The King my danger that had wifely waide)
That did purfue me with fuch deadly fpight,
Me into *Ireland* secretly conuaide,
Vntill he might my peace againe procure,
And his owne fafety better might affure.

As one whose houle remedilefly burning,
Seeing his goods now heapt together loft,
His grieve no whit disburthen'd by his mourning,
Taking fome one thing that he loueth moft,
To fome remote place doth with that retire,
Leauing the reft to'th mercie of the fire.

Yet he fo much that ftill did me efteeme,
That euer ftroue to couer my difgrace,
To make my abfence otherwife to feeme,
And to the world to beare a fairer face,
Left my exile fuggested by their hate,
Might ouerthrow my liuelihooode and eftate.

By their neere counsell that were him about,
His Deputy of *Ireland* doth me make,
And caufde it each-where to be giuen out,
My iourney thither instantly to take,
To ftop their mouthes that gladly would embrace,
Any report might tend to my difgrace.

There

Pierce Gaueston.

There liu'd I in that honourable sort,
As to my high place purchased renowne ;
With no lesse bountie managing a court,
Then hourelly crau'd th'reuenues of a Crowne ;
 To me his loue such soueraigntie did bring,
 That though he raignde, I absolutely King.

Few weekes there went but some the channell crofft,
With some such present Princes holde in price,
Some jewell that him infinitely cost,
Or sumptuous roabe of excellent deuise ;
 When they that sawe what he vpon me cast,
 Found that his treasure long time could not last.

And since the floud me followed in this wise,
His fulnes I as amply entertaine,
It might shew folly to be found precise,
That to refuse which fell as did the raine,
 Such as no age before did euer winne,
 And since his being, yet hath neuer bin.

When now th'abated Baronry that found,
The cunning vſde for couering of my flight,
That me but shifted to a surer ground,
On which so vainely they bestow'd their might ;
 Perceiu'd farre off where greater perill rose,
 Then they could finde how rightly to dispose.
 I i Like

The Legend of

Like those that strive to stop some violent course,
Whose plenty Nature planted not for boundes,
Climes about all the opposers of his course,
Or let at large the neighboring plaine surrounds,
That in it selfe f'etted is blest'd,
That will the more be, more it deprest'd.

And fearing now the force I had abroad,
Who knew the way the *Irish* harts to winne,
Fitter by farre at home to be bestow'd,
(And to the State more safety found therein)
Where though my riots they could not prevent,
Yet might suruey the giddy course I went.

Whereof they scarce entertain'd the thought,
And did thereto but seemingly descend,
But that his love immediately it caught,
Nor cares he by it what they doe intend;
Plot what they could, so he thereby might gaine him,
That with delight, which still did entertaine him.

O how thy presence maiestie commands!
That so severely humbleth every eie,
Whose onely selfe actes more than many handes,
In thee such vertue secretly doth lie,
Hauing about thee the high power of fate,
Art both emperious ouer love and hate.

He

Pierce Gaueſton.

He that occaſion neuer did neglect,
That aught vnto my happineſſe might winne,
My buifnes did ſo carefully effect,
That euer was ſo fortunate therein,
As he to paſſe doth prouidently bring,
Before deemde ſo impoſſible a thing.

And Meſſengers immediately are ſent,
Me into England inſtantly to call,
Authorizde by the generall conſent,
Although not likde of inwardly of all ;
Yet, twas ſufficient that it freedome gaue me,
But to be there where he deſirde to haue me.

My failles now ſwelling with a prosperous winde,
The boiſterous ſeas do homage to mine eies,
That much aboue their vſuall courſe are kinde,
All lowring clouds abandoning the ſkies,
Nothing diſcern'd that any whit might feare me,
Fortune herſelfe ſittes at the helme to ſteare me.

What time the King his progreſſe then did take,
That part of *Wales* pretending now to ſee,
For which he forward inſtantly did make,
Which was (indeede) there but to meete with me,
With all the fauour that he could deuife,
To giue me honour in the publique eies.

I i 2

Where

The Legend of

Where for my landing long he did prouide,
That nought might want intending my delight,
And at each place as leasurely we ride,
Did entertaine me with some pleasing fight,
And vnto *London* to the pompous Court,
Brings me in the magnificentest fort.

Which prou'd but spurres to my vntamde desire,
Giuing the reines to my lasciuious will,
Who let me forth vnto my full carire,
On places slippery, and my manage ill,
Small my foresight, and ouermuch my haste,
That me alas infortunately cast.

The Princes eare, that hauing at command,
That who would aught haue, me must entertaine,
And yet before it passe my gripple hand,
Got the greatst share vnto my priuate gaine ;
Nor carde I what from any I did wring,
Many thereby too much impouerishing.

And daily begging of Monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the Crowne,
And hence transporting those commodities,
To England vsfull comming of her owne,
And basely selling offices (ere then)
The due reward of best deseruing men.

And

Pierce Gaueston.

And being irrecoverably proud,
Held all things vile that futed not my vaine,
Nothing might passe, my iudgement not allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
 Giuing vile termes and nicke-names of disgrace,
 To men that fate in honourable place.

By which brake out that execrable rage,
That long before had boiled in their blood,
And for reuenge they boldly them ingage,
When lastly for their libertie they flood ;
 And in this quarrell open Armes they take,
 Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They durst affirme my mother was a witch,
And for the fact condemned burnt to be,
And I her sonne and rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her damned Art to me ;
 Vrging it an inseperable thing,
 That I by Magicke wrought vpon the King.

And into *France* did charge me to conuay,
A goodly table that was massie gold,
A relique kept at *Windfor* many a day,
That to King *Arthur* did belong of old ;
 Vpon whose margent as they did surmise,
 Merlin ingraued many prophecies.

I i 3

And

The Legend of

And by appealing to the sea of *Rome*,
A Legat thence procuring to the land,
With malediction by the Churches doome,
On any one that on my part should stand :
 The King suspending should he not consent,
 And ratifie the generall intent.

Which they did but to prosperously effect,
Being so strong to counterprize his force,
The Clergy still being ready to direct
Them the best way in all their restlesse course,
 That at the last they strongly him procure,
 By solemne oth me euer to abiure.

Th'vncertaine bidding of each earthly thing,
(Set out most liuely in my starre-croft state)
That doth remaine in Fortunes mannaging,
Appearing in my variable fate
 On me that frown'd and flattered me so oft,
 Casting me downe and setting me aloft.

To *Flanders* then my present course I cast,
Which being the near'st, lay fittest for my ease,
Safest the way, the sooner it was past,
All not my friends that were abroad at seas ;
 Such meanes in *France* they daily do procure,
 That there my selfe I doubted to secure.

And

Pierce Gaueston.

And though I chang'd my habite and my name,
Because I meant to liue vnknowne to any,
Yet swift report had so divulg'd my shame,
My hated life was publish'd to too many ;
In euery streete that as I pas'd along,
I was the talke of euery common tongue.

And finding that which onely I did craue,
A secret meanes to send vnto the King,
To me certaine intelligence that gaue,
Of the estate and course of euery thing ;
Who labored now (more euer then before)
Me into *England* safely to restore.

For which relying on my Soueraignes loue,
(To whom my life had euer beene so deare)
Which I then now had ne're more cause to proue,
Striuing t'obtaine (if any meane there were ;)
A dispensation for his former oth,
In their dispight that thereto seem'd most loth.

Where casting many a sundry course at length,
(Being my marridge mightily aside,
And but too much presuming of my strength)
Resolu'd for *England*, come what could betide ;
And in a ship that for the iourney lay,
Thither my selfe did suddainely conuay.

I i 4

And

The Legend of

And safely landed on the wished shore,
Vnto the Court me secretly betooke,
Of which the King had notice long before,
And for my comming euery day did looke,
Wifely that plotted when I should arriue,
All helpfull meanes my safetie to contriue.

Which soone being known whilst yet their blood was
That to their strength now onely were to trust, (hote,
For what before was done preuailed not,
And for my sake the King did proue vniust ;
Bringing thereby whilst trifling they did stand,
Wrong to themselues, and danger to the land.

Now when the time did generally distaste,
Our lewd and inconsiderate neglect,
When those in Court that our high fauours plac'de,
Giue vs iust cause their dealings to suspect,
And they that view'd vs with the pleasedst eye,
Yet at our actions sometimes looke awrie.

Wherefore the King inforced to prouide,
A present Armie trusting to his friends,
Repaire to *Yorke* vntill he were supplide,
From whence for aide he into *Scotland* sends,
To warlike *Balioll*, and to *Wales*, from whence
He might get power to frustrate their pretence.
But

Pierce Gaueston.

But they his purpose wholly intercept,
Not now to seeke in any secret thing,
The marches that so vigilantly kept,
And yet renounce all malice to the King ;
 Only to chaſtice my abhorred ſinne,
 Who had the cauſe of all this trouble bin.

Thus Like a ſhip diſmembred of her ſailles,
Forc'd by the winde againſt the ſtreamefull tide,
From place to place with euery billow hales,
And as it haps from ſhore to ſhore doth ride ;
 As that poore veſſell reſts my brittle ſtay,
 Nearer the land, ſtill neareſt caſt away.

Corſiue of kingdoms home-begotten hate,
Which in no limits euer yet waſt bounded,
When didſt thou ſeize euen on the greateſt ſtate,
By thee that was not vtterly confounded ?
 How many kingdoms be there that doe rue thee ?
 Happy the world was till too well it knew thee ?

Thus of our ſuccour inſtantly bereft,
Hauing but now ſome little force at ſea,
Laſtly to truſt to, onely vs was left,
On which our hope infortunately lay ;
 Which he to haſten, ſpeedily doth make,
 His former courſes forced to forſake.

The

The Legend of

The present danger manning it so,
That did for aide importunately call,
Wherefore in *Yorke* as farthest from the foe,
Leaues me vnto the safegard of the wall ;
Till his returne me further helpe might giue,
Whom more and more he studied to releue.

From *Bedford* now the Armie setting on,
Th'appointed randy where they gathered head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Vpon their way more hastily them sped,
(Me t'afflict as purposed they were,)
Whose preface else might force them to forbear.

To *Skarborough* immediately I poste,
With the small force my fortune then did lend me,
A Fort best fitting standing on the coast,
And of all other likest to defend me,
And came the worst, resistlesse were their might,
The sea should safely priuiledge my flight.

But they the Cittie lying round about,
Keepe euery passage with a watchfull spie,
That gaue them notice of my passing out,
And their light horse pursue me by and by ;
Whereas vpon me suddainely they came,
E're I had time to fortifie the fame.

Along

Pierce Gaueston.

Along the lands towards *Oxford* they conuey me,
Wondring my sight as birds do at the Owle,
And by the way continually they bray me,
As hungry wolues at passengers do howle,
Each one exulting that I now was caught,
That in the land such mischief euer wrought.

And being brought to *Dedington* at last,
Where the Earle of *Pembrooke* wild me to be staid,
To vnderstand e're further that I past,
Things to my charge that secretly were laid ;
And to the King he speedily had sent,
T'acquaint him with the generall intent.

But the Earle of *Warwicke* (lying but too neare)
(The dog of *Arden* that I vsde to call,)
That deadly hatred still to me did beare,
And that I euer doubted most of all ;
Thither repairing with a powerfull band,
Ceazed vpon me with a violent hand.

And vnto *Warwicke* carrying me along,
Where he had long desired me to get,
With friends and tenants absolutely strong,
Whom all the puissant Barronry abet ;
Since now occasion offered them such hold,
Hasten my death by all the meanes they could.
North

The Legend of

North from the Towne, a mile, or very neare,
An easie hill in publike view doth lie,
Blacklow then call'd of those that dwelled there,
Neare to the antient Hermitage of *Guy*;
Thither with arm'd bands strongly they me led ;
Whereas I lastly forfeited my head.

My sundry passions hauing thus exprest,
In the sad tenor of my tragicke Tale,
Let me returne vnto the fields of rest,
Thither transported by a prosp'rous gale ;
I leaue the world my destiny to view,
Bidding it thus for euermore adiew.

FINIS.



LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

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For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. *Juvenilia*: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1635. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Flowers of Epigrammes, out of sundrie authours selected, as well ancient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

17. Belvédère; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*
20. The Worthines of Wales. By Thomas Churchyard. Reprinted from the original edition of 1587.

For the Tenth Year 1876-7.

21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

For the Eleventh Year 1877-8.

23. Thule, or Vertues Historie. By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1598.
24. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Sixth Collection.*
25. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

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For the Twelfth Year 1878-9.

26. Haleviah or Britans Second Remembrancer (1641.) By George Wither.
Part I.
27. Haleviah or Britans Second Remembrancer. *Parts II. and III.*

For the Thirteenth Year 1879-80.

28. Britain's Remembrancer. By George Wither. *Part I.*
29. Britain's Remembrancer. *Part II.*

For the Fourteenth Year 1880-1.

30. The Hymnes and Songs of the Church. By George Wither.
31. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part I.*

For the Fifteenth Year 1881-2.

32. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part II.*
33. Paralellogrammaton. By George Wither.
34. Exercises vpon the First Psalme. By George Wither.

For the Sixteenth Year, 1882-3.

35. A Fig for Fortune. By Anthonie Copley.
36. Respublica Anglicana or the Historie of the Parliament. By George Wither.
37. A Preparation to the Psalter. By George Wither.

For the Seventeenth Year, 1883-4.

38. The Mirrour of Good Maners. By Alexander Barclay.
39. Certayne Egloges. By Alexander Barclay.
40. The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessovrs.
41. Vaticinium Votivum; or, Palæmon's Prophetick Prayer.

For the Eighteenth Year, 1884-5.

42. Willoby his Avisa: or the true Picture of a modest Maid; and of a chast and constant wife.
43. The Tenne Tragedies of Seneca. Translated into English. *Part I.*

For the Nineteenth Year, 1885-6.

44. The Tenne Tragedies of Seneca. Translated into English. *Part II.*
45. Poems: By Michaell Draiton, Esquire. Re-printed from the Edition of 1605.
Part I.

For the Twentieth Year, 1886-7.

46. Poems: By Michaell Draiton, Esquire. Re-printed from the Edition of 1605.
Part II.

